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**SIZZLIN' SEX**  
(See Page 10)

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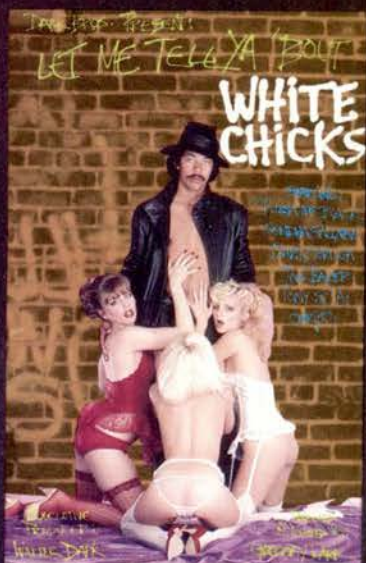
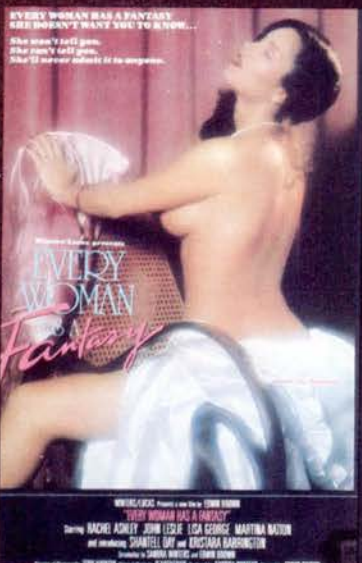
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**The Unofficial  
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of the 1984  
Olympic Games\***

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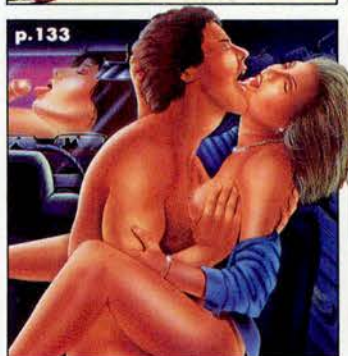
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## On the Cover . . .

Did you look twice at the seductive javelin thrower, wondering how in the world she wriggled into her skintight shorts and T-shirt? Well, look again—she's totally nude. A team of body-painters and the camera wizardry of James Baes, our Director of Photography, created this remarkable illusion.

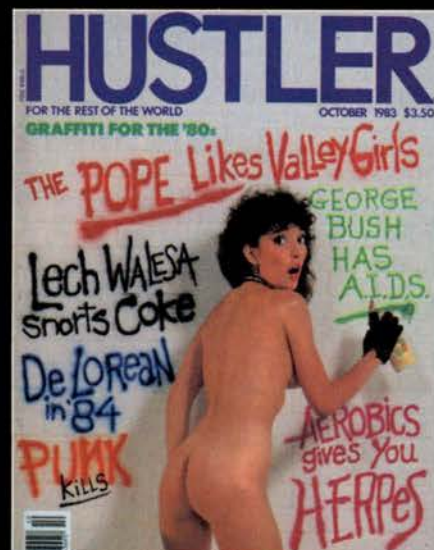
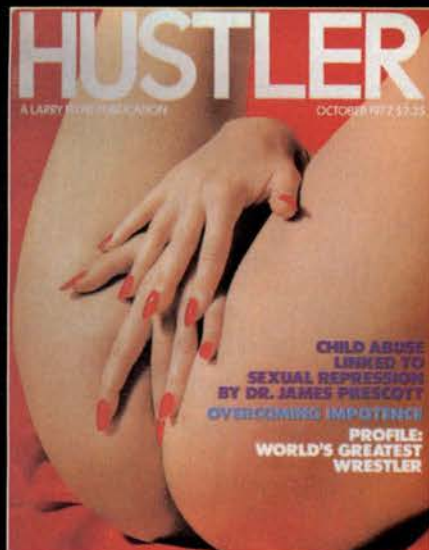
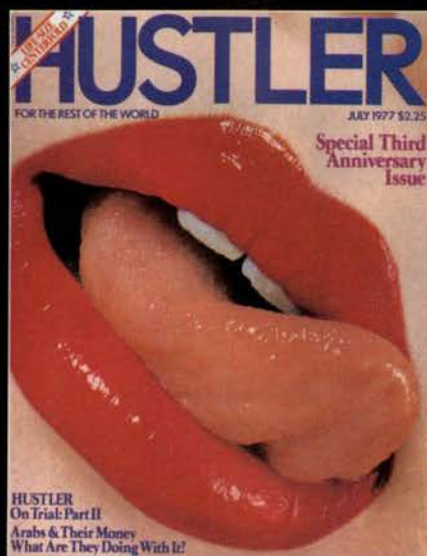
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**E**ver since the government's been paying my room and board at the Federal Correctional Institution in Butner, North Carolina, I've had plenty of time to catch up on my reading. Many of the sordid stories I've been seeing lately both sadden me and make my blood boil. A day doesn't go by when newspapers and magazines aren't filled with horrible accounts of children being sexually abused, usually by those in positions of authority—such as parents, police officers, doctors, guidance counselors and, especially, teachers.

In Manhattan Beach, California, seven former teachers at the Virginia McMartin Pre-School—including its 76-year-old founder—have been charged with sexually molesting 42 children ranging in age from four to 11. These disgusting perverts are also alleged to have photographed and videotaped their sexual activity with those unfortunate kids.

In Reno, Nevada, three adults employed by a nursery school have been accused of sexually assaulting eight four- and five-year-old children. In Omaha as many as 15 staff members of the Nebraska School for the Deaf could face charges of sexual abuse, sexual misconduct and child abuse. How sick can you get?

These are only three instances of a new epidemic that appears to be sweeping the nation. I say "appears to be" because there's been so much recent press coverage of this previously taboo topic. But the truth is that sexual abuse has been a fact of life for far too many youngsters for far too many years.

I hate to say I told you so, but *HUSTLER* has spoken out against this problem frequently—and long before it became the hot topic it is today. Instead of sweeping the subject under the rug—or ignoring it as so many other publications have—*HUSTLER* has shone the harsh light of truth on all forms of child abuse in articles, interviews and previous *Publisher's Statements*. Way back in October 1977, for example, we printed a landmark report—*Child Abuse in America: Slaughter of the Innocents*—and accompanied it with explicit photographic evidence that nobody else would dare publish. The impact of this exposé was so powerful that seven years later we're still receiving requests for reprints.

I've said it before, and I'll say it again: As far as I'm concerned, sexual abuse of children is just about the worst crime there is. The maggots who victimize defenseless youngsters in this way cause serious emotional damage that will last a life-



## STIFF SENTENCES FOR CHILD MOLESTERS

*HUSTLER*—contributing to sexual child abuse. The availability of porn has been *proven* to reduce the incidence of sex crimes, not inspire them. But the forces of repression do not give up easily.

One of their favorite targets through the years has been our *Chester the Molester* feature—the brainstorm of Humor & Cartoon Editor Dwaine Tinsley. Anyone who would interpret *Chester* as condoning the sexual abuse of children had better hitch a ride on the space shuttle and come back to Earth. The beauty of *Chester* is that he fits right into *HUSTLER*'s nothing-is-sacred/taboo-baiting attitude. To pretend that people like him don't exist—and that fun can't be poked at them—misses the whole point of *HUSTLER*.

One thing that's made this magazine unique is its fearlessness in showing humor related to even the most tragic issues and events of the day. Another thing that's made *HUSTLER* great is the fact that it calls attention to a side of life other publications wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole.

As long as I'm around, *HUSTLER* will continue to expose and oppose sick behavior such as sexual child abuse—even after the ambulance-chasing press has tired of it.

That's a promise.

*Larry Flynt*

Publisher & Editor

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A. J. Bernstein

**W**ith the Russians boycotting the Summer Olympics and most of Eastern Europe also backing out, the HUSTLER staff has decided that it's high time to put the Games in proper perspective. So in this issue we've taken three very different looks at the long-anticipated sports extravaganza: one through the lens of the camera, one through the eyes of an outspoken sociologist and one from the fevered imaginations of our cartoonists.

Leading off with his own inspired version of the Games—**HUSTLER'S SEX OLYMPICS: GROPING FOR THE GOLD**—crack photographer **CLIVE MCLEAN** offers some explicit athletic events we'd like to see in future Olympiads. Would you believe the 50-meter gash and the 300-kilo suck and lift?

In a more serious vein, Dr. Harry Edwards of the University of California at Berkeley eloquently voices a dissenting *Guest Editorial* view: **THE OLYMPICS: DRUGS, PAYOFFS AND POLITICAL INTRIGUE**. Sixteen years after he masterminded the black-gloved political demonstration that was staged by track stars Tommie Smith and John Carlos at the '68 Olympics, Edwards—a former discus thrower—examines the dangerous use of anabolic steroids by athletes, as well as the under-the-table cash payoffs and political manipulating that go on behind the scenes. He warns that radical changes must be effected soon, or the entire Olympic movement will crumble.

On the lighter side our inspired horde of resident cartoonists—**GEORGE TROSLEY, THOMAS W. CHENEY, DAN COLLINS, JOHN BILLETTE, DWAIN TINSLEY** and **ERIC J. DECETIS**—banded together this month for a free-form vision of Los Angeles during the '84 Summer Games—as if L.A. didn't have enough trouble already.

For September's hard-hitting interview, investigative journalist **BILL LAWREN** probes the life of a high-priced professional prostitute in **"MARLENE"—ADVENTURES IN THE SKIN TRADE**. California-based Lawren, who's writing has been featured in a wide variety of national magazines, is currently working on both a novel and an in-depth exposé of the legal profession. The companion photography is by HUSTLER newcomer **A. J. BERNSTEIN**.

On a sad note, in **DEATH OF A COVERGIRL** we take a last, loving look at Colleen Applegate, a beautiful young woman who apparently took her own life after rising to stardom in X-rated movies. Known as Shauna Grant to her fans, 20-year-old Colleen traveled to Hollywood from her hometown in Minnesota to catch a ride in the fast lane. Unfortunately, her all-too-short trip ended at the business end of a rifle, and we're left with just a few pictures and a handful of memories.

Will a malfunction in Defense Department computers or some thoughtless human error blow us all to kingdom come? In **THE NIGHT I NEARLY STARTED WORLD WAR III**, former Navy specialist **CLAIR TOMLINSON** recounts a gut-wrenching night that could have ended in nuclear disaster. The gripping article is illustrated by award-winning HUSTLER regular

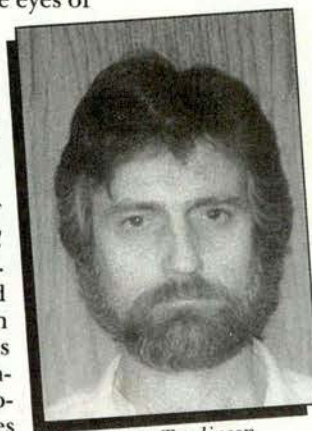
**JOHN ANDREWS**, whose work has also appeared in magazines ranging from *California* to *Oui*.

September's *Sex Play*—authored by San Francisco State University journalism professor **LEONARD SELLERS**—deals with the down side of drinking in **SEX AND BOOZE: A BAD MIX**. Despite macho legends to the contrary, Sellers found that alcohol causes more problems than benefits to a person's sex drive—a fact that turns a lot of rum-and-coke Romeos into frustrated bedroom flops. The artwork is by Los Angeles illustrator **JEANI BRUNNICK**.

In this month's *Kinky Korer*, reader **DON WARNER** recounts the time he seduced a straightlaced mayor's wife in the backseat of his car at an X-rated drive-in. **MIGUEL CASTILLO** rendered the accompanying painting.

Rounding out the bulging package is a sensationally sexy center-fold shot by the versatile **MATTI KLATT**, a bevy of **BEAVER HUNT** girls and a spectacular **BEAVER SPOTLIGHT** showcasing a professional dancer who wants to make love in the middle of a busy highway.

From cover to cover the September HUSTLER delivers something stimulating for everyone: powerful articles, sensuous photography and unparalleled cartoons. Together they make up one of the most provocative issues ever. And it'll just keep getting better. Can you wait for October?



Clair Tomlinson



Jeani Brunnick



Leonard Sellers

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# Feedback



## PRISON ISSUE:

Your articles in the Special Prison Issue (June '84) are of merit, if only to warn those on the outside of the dangers of life behind bars. As for your coverage of homosexuality in prisons, you make it sound as if these poor fellows would turn down a blowjob if they weren't locked up. Who do you think you're kidding? It's the rage, boy, and it's not conditions that cause it; it's the mentality.

These days, as the Bible you poke so much fun at points out, unnatural affections cover the scene, and men not only burn in lust for one another, but they also take pleasure in it.

I for one know what's going on around me, and if you can find reasons why "most people in prison detest the homosexual scene in prison," for good old pussy's sake find a way to get the average dude behind bars to feel like that.

This is not a ringing denouncement of the act, but a good 50% of the dudes strutting around on Saturday night these days ain't got no aversion to no perversion. The only reason homosexuality prevails in our prisons is because those guys took it in there with them.

Pussy is worth waiting for, and the only reason these dudes settle for less is because to some people anything goes.

Humans, of all creatures, don't need a reason to suck dicks and fuck each other in the butt; they do it because they want to. After all, not *all* people in prison can't wait—only those who don't want to.

I don't have the slightest idea what to do about prisons except to stay the hell out of them.

—J.W.C.  
Clinton, South Carolina

My brother Don is at the penitentiary in Lansing, Kansas, and he writes me off and on. After reading your Special Prison Issue, I know why he doesn't tell Mom a lot of the things he tells me.

HUSTLER SEPTEMBER

Don's been in Lansing for almost three years now, and I thought the kid had problems when he went in. Now he's so strung out on drugs, he doesn't care if he's ever released. In his last letter he told me he wouldn't be getting out for a while, because he had stabbed and killed an inmate who owed him some money.

Your Prison Issue gave me a good idea of what happens behind bars, and I'd like to thank you very much.

—R.K.T.  
Kingfisher, Oklahoma

With respect to your recent Special Prison Issue, nobody just picked some guys out of the air and had them locked up. They committed crimes, were tried by a judge and/or jury and were sent to prison as punishment. As for true horror stories, your magazine would do well to write about some of the victims of crimes.

—S. K.  
Detroit, Michigan



Tearing Down the Walls

I am not at all surprised at what goes on in prison. Still, nothing that degrading should be allowed to happen to anyone, anywhere! The sham of it is that sexual assaults not only occur behind prison walls, but also outside of them. I am 25 years old. I was molested by my uncle as a child and raped by two queers as an adult. I feel that something should be done about this kind of abuse, both in prisons and in the outside world. Think of all the sex offenders still walking the streets.

—Name Withheld by Request  
Fayetteville, Arkansas

I've written before, but after reading your Special Prison Issue, I have to do it again. HUSTLER is the best damn magazine anywhere. While *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Oui* pretend to speak out on heady and important issues, HUSTLER actually does it.

—B. H.  
Lafayette, California

## FEMALES FOR FELONS:

I would like to comment on your June '84 *Guest Editorial*, "Females for Felons." Women for convicts is one of the best ideas anyone has come up with for minimizing tension in our prisons.

I am serving a three-year sentence at a California correctional facility. I know I feel a lot of tension because the only sex I get is with my right hand. Before being sent away, I got laid three or four times a week for hours on end.

Our society now accepts sex outside of

marriage; so why can't our prison systems do the same? I know plenty of women who'd love to come up and play with my cock for a few days. The married guys here go off to the boneyard every 30 to 60 days and get a good fix of sex with their wives. For the rest of us our right hands have to do. Knowing that the next guy can get it and you can't makes you feel like tearing his head off. I've been beating my meat for a year now, and I am at the point where I get hard just *seeing* a woman.

If we could put prison officials in a place where they couldn't get their dicks wet for a year or so, they'd see our point.

—Christopher John Krzywicki  
Susanville, California

I am writing in regard to your June '84 *Guest Editorial*, "Females for Felons." As author Ralph Sturges stated, I don't like the way our government is spending our tax dollars. But the idea of my tax dollars going to females for felons is absurd. It's time to wake up and see the light, Ralph. Our taxes already provide those assholes behind bars with food, clothes and medical care. If we were to start giving them sex, going to prison would be undesirable only because prisoners couldn't get out and party on the weekends.

As for treating convicts like human be-

ings, if they would have acted like human beings when they were in society, they wouldn't have been incarcerated. Most men in prison are locked up because they deserve to be. And maybe they should have thought about getting fucked in the ass before they committed crimes and got arrested.

Every time an inmate gets food, clothes and medical care, I get fucked in the ass by taxes. So it's only fair that prisoners get fucked in the ass too.

—M. E.  
Phoenix, Arizona

Your June '84 *Guest Editorial* was outstanding. But what about the many female inmates in our prisons? If there's a "Males for Female Felons" program, you have a volunteer.

—Top Dog  
USS Ponce  
U.S. Navy

In only the past four weeks our office has received 2,687 letters, 584 postcards, 123 mailgrams and hundreds of telephone calls [in regard to the *Guest Editorial* in the June '84 issue of *HUSTLER* Magazine]. We are unable to handle this kind of response and still continue our reform program that embodies sexual intercourse as better rehabilitation than bullets, bayonets and bullshit.

Bear with us, my fellow inmates. It's still a long tunnel, but there is some light

at the end, and we hold a very powerful flashlight.

Presently I am completing another article describing an actual weekend encounter session between 48 inmates and 50 Females for Felons. This on-the-spot description is going to blow the proverbial lid off a lot of our activities and perhaps hinder some of our field work, but we've got to take the chance.

Keep your spirits up and maintain the faith that better days are ahead!

—Dr. Ralph Sturges  
New York, New York

*Dr. Sturges, the author of our June '84 Guest Editorial, is a psychologist and former convict who founded the innovative Females for Felons organization in 1982. The group's address is 51 E. 42nd St., Suite 517, New York, NY 10017.*

#### DOING TIME:

Your June '84 article *Doing Time: A Basic Survival Manual* by Mike Canale (#C35343) is dishonest. Taken as a whole, it is a horse that shan't run, not even at a trial gallop. A pox on *HUSTLER* for publishing it! It is bilge. It is rubbish disguised as some honest attempt to report (and repeat) what doing time is all about. Even after spending at least 18 years behind bars, Canale knows no more about incarceration in California's 12 state prisons than he knows about the dark side of the moon.

—Ray Bay Jr.  
Fresno, California

Your article *Doing Time: A Basic Survival Manual* (June '84) is just like what those fuckers write in America's newspapers. They print what they want you to know, not what is really happening! Did author Mike Canale make a deal with the Man? I've been in California and Nevada prisons, and when I read his article, it sounded like the rule book set out by the state. Convicts have their own rules that you will live by. If you live by the state's rules, you'll get out sooner—probably in a box! A person must experience prison life to know what is happening! Write something real, Canale, but don't kiss the Man's ass doing it!

—A Real Convict  
Carson City, Nevada

*Mike Canale is 6-4 and weighs about 250 pounds. He's available anytime you want to discuss his article.*

#### BORN-AGAIN ASSHOLE:

It's one thing to be nonreligious, but to mock God and people who believe in Him is a serious sin. Your magazine is always making jokes and printing cartoons about religion, but you went a bit too far in your June '84 *Asshole of the Month* column. In it you mocked Chuck Colson for



"And now I'm sticking my finger deep into my juicy pussy. . . ."

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becoming a born-again Christian.

Maybe Colson's involvement in the Watergate scandal was wrong and a big crime. Nevertheless, it is a bigger crime to mock and insult him as your magazine did because he decided to become a Christian and live a new life.

What about Manson Family members Charles "Tex" Watson, Susan Atkins and all the other cons and ex-cons who have become born-again Christians? Are we all Assholes of the Month also? Maybe in Satan's eyes we are, but in God's eyes we are not. He has promised us all salvation and eternal life.

I am a ten-time loser who has spent 17 of his 28 years behind locked doors. I have met a true friend this time, though, who has promised never to lead me astray again. His name is Jesus Christ, and He's the best friend a person could ever have. I first met Him last year in the Dallas County Jail and again in the Huntsville penitentiary. Although I am still in prison, I am free and have a new life because I have also accepted Christ as my Savior and have been born again. There is no other rehabilitation.

HUSTLER is the wrong name for your publication. You should call it Antichrist Magazine.

—Kevin Reid Althouse (#1601-74)  
Berks County Prison  
Reading, Pennsylvania

#### WOMEN'S VIEWPOINT:

Not only am I offended by much of the pictorial and written material in your magazine, but also it makes a real mockery of the relationship between men and women.

We all have dark dungeons in our minds. We also all have the potential for being creative in a positive way. It appears that the HUSTLER Magazine staff has chosen to appeal to the dungeons of our minds. Your publication reeks of negativism and lacks talent.

—Laura Cimino  
Austin, Texas

*Maybe so, but we feel positive enough about our readers' input to publish letters like yours, Laura.*

I never thought I'd read a men's magazine like HUSTLER. Today, though, I actually sat down and started going through a copy from cover to cover. With such an incredible variety of articles, jokes, advice and much more, I had a hard time tearing myself away from it. I had no idea that women can also benefit from your magazine as well as men.

Especially pleasing was getting to read and share with my husband your April '83 *Sex Play*, "Premenstrual Syndrome: The Curse." It has enabled both of us to deal with the problem. My husband has a

better understanding of it and knows not only what to expect, but also how we can cope with the disorder together.

—Silvia Martin  
Tacoma, Washington

#### MALE/MALE PICTORIALS?

I have been a faithful HUSTLER reader for the past year or so, and it is absolutely the best magazine around.

I know you do your best to give HUSTLER's readers what they want. So here's a request: I'm a bisexual male who would like to see a photo-spread featuring two males. You'd be doing a great service to all of your bisexual readers, and I'm sure most of your straight readers would enjoy the photos as well. After all, even a lot of straight guys have at least thought about making love to a man at one time or another in their lives.

So what do you say? How about it? Also, please withhold my name if this should go to print. My career in the military would be severely hampered.

—Name Withheld by Request  
U.S. Air Force  
West Germany

*There are more than enough fag rags around to run male/male pictorials. Even though we try to please all our readers, HUSTLER's circulation would be "severely hampered" if we complied with your request. We'll stick with our present format.*

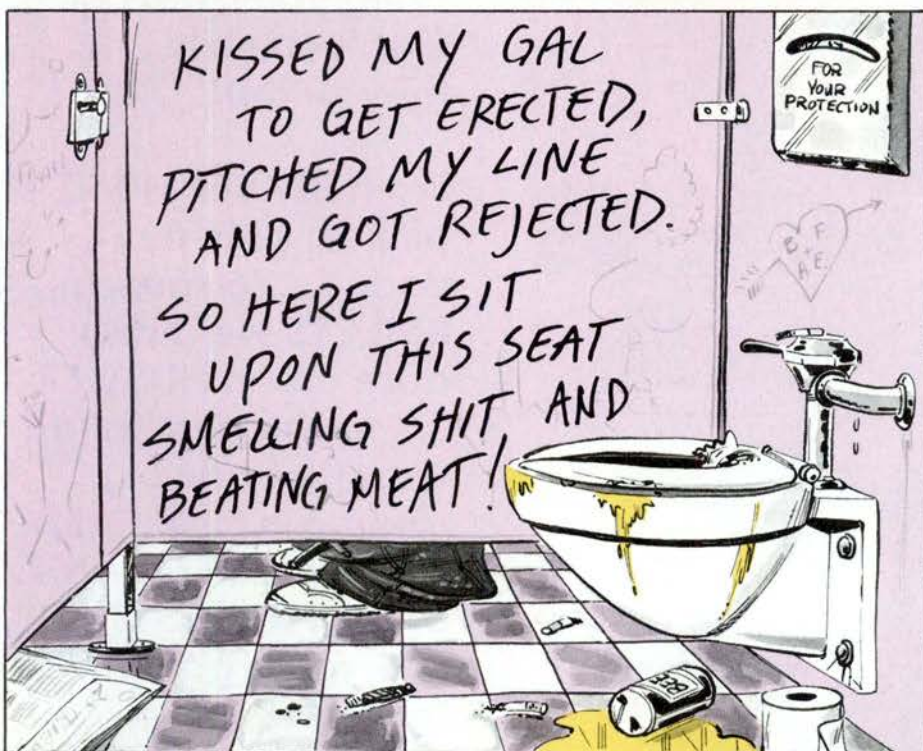
#### BURT WARD'S PHOTO-FANTASY:

I really liked your pictorial titled *A Young Crimefighter's Fantasy* in the June '84 HUSTLER. It was done just like the old *Batman* TV series, except it was X-rated. I'd love to see similar photo-sets in which Batgirl is captured by three or four men and sexually abused. It would be a real turn-on seeing a female superhero being abused and tortured!

—David James  
Long Beach, New York

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to *Feedback*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. 📧

# GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO H.N., OAKLAND, CA

The *Honey Hooker* cartoon titled "Ecstasy Island" in the February 1980 issue parodied and satirized the TV series *Fantasy Island* and *Tattoo*, a fictional character portrayed on that series by Herve Villechaize. Like all parodies and satires of TV programs, the cartoon referred to the program and characters in it, not to the actors themselves. The cartoon was not intended to refer to Villechaize personally or to his private life, or to make any statement about him.

# DEAR GRANNY

**G**ot a problem? You need some advice but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle—your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend—no problem! Dear Granny has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you—but probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: *Dear Granny*, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

## DEAR GRANNY:

My husband and I have been married for six years. Until recently our sex life had become rather routine; so we like to spice things up by inviting a few of his friends over for a free-for-all. My husband loves to watch and jack off while I'm being fucked by other guys, and sometimes I'll suck him off while being humped doggy-style. There's one guy in particular who's a super-good fuck, and when he eats me out, it really sends me. Lately, however, I've noticed three warts on the head of his penis. Although I only recently discovered them, he insists that he's had the warts for a long time and that they're no problem. Could these warts be some kind of VD? I'm afraid to go to the doctor about this, as I live in a very small town, and word does get around. —Wart's the Matter? Breckenridge, Missouri

*Dear Wart's: Either your friend's been screwing toads lately, or you may have a real problem. Some men do develop harmless warts on their penises, similar to the ones people get on other parts of their bodies. More frequent, however, are venereal warts, a contagious form of VD that should be treated as soon as possible.*

*If your doctor has a big mouth, try seeing one in another town. You should be aware, however, that doctors respect their patients' privacy as a matter of professional ethics, and if they go around telling others about their patients' problems, they could have their licenses revoked. So have no fear where your doctor is concerned, my dear. His lips are sealed as tightly as your twat isn't.*

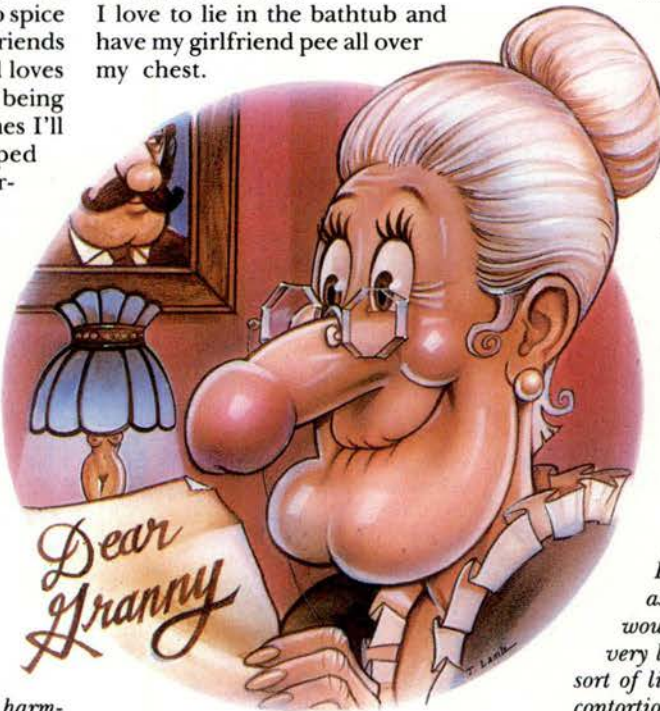
## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 19-year-old male who definitely gets his share of sex. Until recently I have never had any problem satisfying my lovers. But my current girlfriend is a whole different story. Whenever I lick or fondle her clit the way I used to with my other girlfriends, she says it hurts. Now I'm wondering if I'll ever get her off. Do you have any suggestions? —Love Hurts Juliet Illinois

*Dear Love: Honey, I had a lover who liked to have his cock chewed on, but I wouldn't do that with all the guys I fuck. Women have different sexual preferences, just as men do, and what worked on your former girlfriends may not be right for your present bedmate. Some ladies have clits that are just too sensitive to be touched directly, and your lover is probably one of them. So the next time you two hit the sack, I suggest you do a little talking about what she likes—before you reach out and touch. That way you ought to be able to avoid any more bad connections.*

## DEAR GRANNY:

I love to lie in the bathtub and have my girlfriend pee all over my chest.



I especially like the way it feels when it runs down around my balls. Afterward we shower off and fuck in the bathtub, and I pee in her cunt until it gushes out and covers both of us. Then we repeat the shower routine and fuck our brains out. Have you ever heard of such practices?

—Pissed On  
West Palm Beach, Florida

*Dear Pissed: I have now. What you're doing with your girlfriend isn't all that unusual, although I'd hold off on pissing into her cunt. That could give her a vaginal infection, and then she'd be really pissed off.*

## DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 23-year-old male who is attracted to older women between the ages of 30 and 60. I've had this infatuation with mature ladies since I was about 13, when I would hang around nightclubs to pick up on them. By the time I was 17, I was having an affair with my mother's 40-year-old friend, and when my mother caught on

to this, she kicked me out of the house. It's been nothing but older women for me ever since. Tell me, Granny, do you think this is a permanent thing, or is it just a phase I'm going through?

—Younger Man  
Inglewood, California

*Dear Younger: Who cares? Hop the next bus to Los Angeles, and I'll show you how to really enjoy an older woman! Unfortunately for myself and other horny old broads, tastes change as young studs like you mature. I can't say for certain, but I've known a lot of men who grew up with crushes on their mother's friends and ended up at 35 lechering after 17-year-old nymphets. So take advantage of your exceptional taste in ladies now, while you still have it.*

## DEAR GRANNY:

I am a 31-year-old white male with a ten-inch cock, and I live for pussy. I also enjoy sucking my own dong until I come in my mouth and then eating my jism. I've never performed this stunt in front of a woman but was wondering if ladies might find it a turn-on. Would you, Granny? —Doubled Over Jackson, Mississippi

*Dear Doubled: Honey, at my age Lawrence Welk is a turn-on; so don't ask me. I can't see how other women would find it a turn-off though—at the very least it might be kind of fascinating, sort of like looking at one of those sideshow contortionists. And if your current bed partner doesn't enjoy giving head, she might actually find it a relief to watch you do it yourself.*

## DEAR GRANNY:

Until a few months ago I was a happily married man. Then I started frequenting a local gay bar, mostly just out of curiosity. One night I had a few drinks too many there and was approached by a very good-looking guy in his late 20s. To make a long story short, we ended up screwing all night, and I loved it. Since then I've fucked many different men, and all these affairs have been extremely satisfying experiences for me.

But that's not the problem. I've grown quite attached to one of my lovers—Furgie—and would like to develop a steady relationship with him. In the meantime I've been making excuses not to sleep with my wife, since I'm now appalled and disgusted at the thought of making love to her. Do you think I should continue sneaking around on her to be with Furgie, or should I leave her for a

possible future with him? I'm sure she's getting somewhat suspicious.

—Gay Two-Timer  
Jacksonville, Florida

*Dear Gay: I'm sure your wife's also probably wondering why you've developed hemorrhoids. I'd tell her the truth, and even if it doesn't work out with Furgie, at least you'll have openly acknowledged the fact that you're bisexual, and you won't be living a lie anymore. After all, your wife deserves a lover who isn't disgusted by the thought of sleeping with her, just as you deserve to be able to express yourself sexually without feeling guilty. And think of what a relief it'll be not to have to hide your anal lube behind the mouthwash anymore.*

#### DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 19-year-old mother of two. Because I was very young when I gave birth to my children and have always been thin and attractive, I was under the impression that I wouldn't get stretch marks. But I have these thick, ugly lines on my belly now, and they make me feel unattractive. I was wondering if there is some kind of plastic surgery I could have to get these marks removed, since I've lost a lot of weight recently, look great and fantasize about going to the beach this summer in a skimpy black string bikini. As it stands now, I'd be ashamed to show off my

body. Is there a surgical solution to my problem?

—Marked Down  
Moline, Illinois

*Dear Marked: Sure there is. Start dating a surgeon who loves women with stretch marks. Plastic surgery has been known to work wonders with them, but it's very expensive, and you'd end up replacing one kind of scar with another. It might help you to know that stretch marks aren't permanent—they do fade over the years. A good suntan can also help make them less conspicuous. Try tanning your body in the privacy of your backyard (if you have one) or visiting a tanning salon before you go to the beach. Then wear that string bikini in public with pride. After all, if your body is as good as you say it is, any guy who's concentrating on your stretch marks ought to have his head examined.*

#### DEAR GRANNY:

I have known for years (from personal experience) about men having wet dreams, but now my girlfriend tells me that she also has orgasms while she's sleeping. Is she putting me on, or can women really have wet dreams?

—Dream Lover  
Petersburg, Virginia

*Dear Dream: I had one of those wet dreams once—sleeping on a leaky waterbed. But my friends in the sexology business say your girl-*

*friend may be telling the truth. About 40% of the world's women have honest-to-goodness wet dreams, complete with orgasms and all the trimmings. And believe it or not, I'm a bit jealous!*

#### DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 23-year-old woman with a common complaint. In fact, my best friend, Heidi, and I were discussing this subject the other day and discovered we had the same problem. So we thought we'd write to you about it.

When I'm going down on a guy and he's about to come, I *seem* to have three alternatives: swallowing his sperm, spitting it out or pulling off real fast. All three of these have their disadvantages. Spitting it out ruins the mood, pulling off and letting him come all over the place ruins the carpet, and swallowing it makes me gag. Though the stuff doesn't taste *that* bad, I'm tempted to hold my nose. But that might spoil the mood too.

What's your solution, Granny?

—Quite a Mouthful  
Tonawanda, New York

*Dear Mouthful: If you must know, my favorite solution is cum. But if you're asking about my favorite solution to the problem of a guy whose cum tastes like rotten eggs that were basted in battery acid, I'd try to put the head of his cock as far back in my mouth as it will go before he comes. If you do that, then the sticky stuff will go straight down your throat instead of all over your taste buds. Believe me, dearie, it sure beats stocking up on Carpet Fresh.*

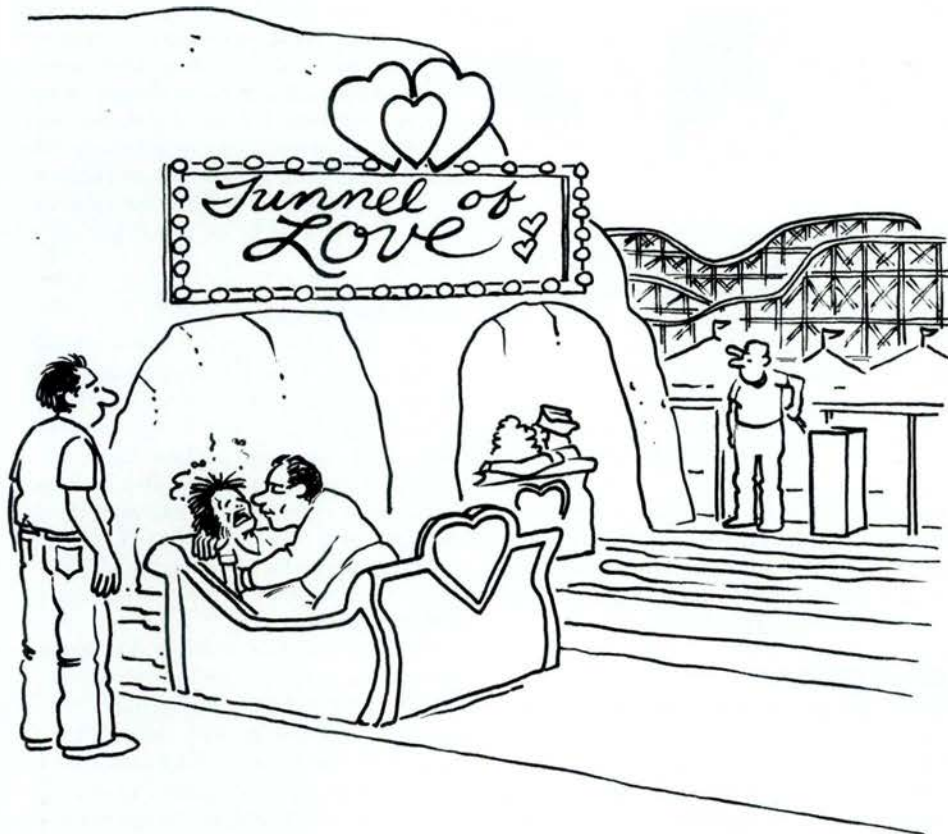
#### DEAR GRANNY:

I have been having real problems getting an erection ever since a girlfriend of mine stuck a feather down my pants. Now the only way I can get it up at all is by fantasizing about feathers—or fucking a chicken.

I've heard of people being tarred and feathered, and it sounds exciting. Is it dangerous? I'm considering having my girlfriend do it to me. I'm also considering finding a real chicken to see what fucking it would be like. What do you think?

—Feather Freak  
Cerritos, California

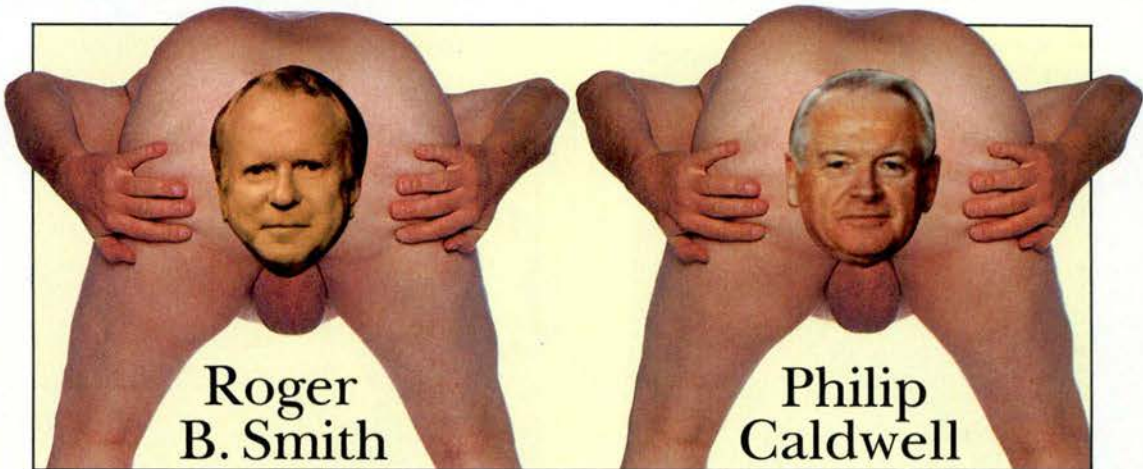
*Dear Freak: Tarring and feathering was a popular form of torture in the 18th century... but hey, times have changed. Unless your idea of pleasure is second-degree burns, sweetie, I'd pass on the hot tar. As for fucking a real chicken, Larry Flynt insists that was his first sexual experience. But since they have a tendency to run around squawking and hollering for help no matter how much foreplay you use, maybe you should try having your girlfriend dress up in a chicken outfit instead.*



DUANE TINSLEY

# BITS and PIECES

## ASSHOLES OF THE MONTH



Roger  
B. Smith

Philip  
Caldwell

Just four years ago the future of the American automobile industry seemed grim. Assembly plants were closing all over the nation, and laid-off autoworkers waited nervously in line for hours at unemployment offices. Tens of thousands were hard put to feed their families, pay their monthly bills and keep a roof over their heads. The lucky ones who didn't lose their jobs swallowed hard when they were forced to take pay and benefits cuts.

By last spring, however, optimism had replaced apprehension in the automotive industry. Not only had there been a dramatic surge in car sales, but—thanks to worker pride and better quality control—far fewer lemons were coming off the assembly lines. Then the positive mood suddenly changed to one of complete disgust when word leaked that two Detroit executives largely responsible for creating the mess in the first place had been awarded obscenely large bonuses.

For a job well-done, General

Motors Chairman Roger B. Smith—already earning a \$625,000-a-year salary—took a whopping bonus of \$865,490 in cash and stock. And Ford Motor Company Chairman Philip Caldwell banked a \$900,000 bonus in addition to his hefty annual earnings of \$520,534. Their irresponsible actions of the past and shameless greed of the present deserve a bonus of a different sort: Smith and Caldwell have been named our September Co-Assholes of the Month.

When car sales nosedived in 1980, Smith, Caldwell and other executives blamed losses partially on the recession but mainly on Japanese imports, which had cornered 25% of the new-car market. Hollering for Uncle Sam, the automakers wailed loud and long about the massive unemployment that would result if their industry went under. Workers' jobs, they said, would never be secure unless Detroit could retool machines and upgrade factories to compete with overseas manufacturers.

The federal government came to the rescue by persuading Japan to limit the number of cars it exported to this country. This "voluntary" quota worked so well that American automakers reaped profits of \$6.2 billion in 1983 and an astronomical \$3.4 billion in the first three months of 1984. Somewhere along the line Smith and Caldwell seem to have gotten the idea that they alone were responsible for the turnaround. Their hands were out for a share of the pie faster than you could say "windfall profits."

But what about the workers who actually made the cars, the people whose sweat and toil allowed Smith and Caldwell to coast through the recession on two of the fattest salaries in Corporate America? As usual, they're getting little more than the crumbs.

The self-serving attitudes of Smith and Caldwell typify the questionable leadership that brought the Motor City to its knees in the first place. With an eye only on short-term profits, major auto pro-

ducers were notoriously slow to introduce smaller cars and resisted every government deadline for more-fuel-efficient vehicles.

Earning huge amounts of money, being driven around in limousines, owning luxurious homes and belonging to exclusive country clubs appear to have affected their memories. Many of their plans to retool and update their factories have been abandoned as management has found it more profitable to import low-priced diesel engines, transaxles and other complex parts from Japan. Importing foreign-made parts, constructing manufacturing plants in such low-wage countries as Mexico and even investing money in Japan to produce cars there have obviously created no new jobs for American workers. So once again the blue-collar guy with the lunch pail is getting screwed.

Roger Smith and Philip Caldwell couldn't care less. They're too busy counting their money and consulting their brokers.

## FARTS IN THE WIND

While Roger B. Smith and Philip Caldwell took "top" honors this month, other contemptible groups and individuals deserve mention on this page. They are September's Farts in the Wind.

Akron, Ohio's Mayor **TOM SAWYER**, Summit County Prosecutor **LYNN SLABY** and **HOLIDAY INNS INC.**, banded to-

gether to suppress a sex convention sponsored by *Ohio Connection* magazine. Although people have been fucking up a storm in hotels for years, having 292 rooms full of uninhibited swingers in downtown Akron—the Rubber Capital of the World—was more than these self-proclaimed puritans could handle. In court *Ohio Connection's* lawyer described

the conventiongoers as "decent people who hold a viewpoint that Mr. Slaby or other people might not agree with."

**LAURA COTTINGHAM** was one of the picketers and speakers at a recent New York antiporn rally that featured blown-up illustrations from eight-year-old copies of *HUSTLER*. Astonishingly, at one time she was an associate editor of the sex rag *Screw*, where she sneakily gained employment to write a story on a

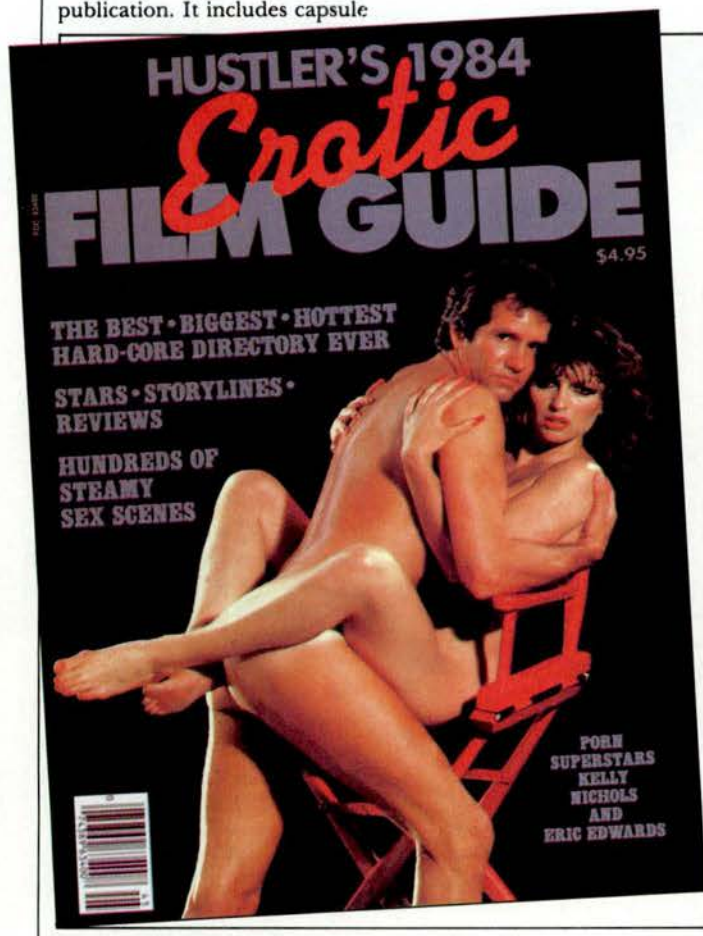
publication that supposedly profits from women's bodies.

Without blinking an eye, Franklin County (Georgia) Superior Court Judge **GEORGE F. BRYANT** sentenced 83-year-old Mabel Cawthon to a three-year prison sentence for selling a small amount of marijuana to an undercover agent. We hope Bryant is just as tough on murderers, robbers and rapists as he is on little old ladies.

## HUSTLER's Guide to the Best Erotic Movies

Last summer *The HUSTLER Guide to X-Rated Films* sold out at newsstands so fast that we've been struggling to fill back orders ever since. Because of your tremendous response, we've decided to do it again—but this time with an even bigger and better edition. *HUSTLER's 1984 Guide to Erotic Films* is the most comprehensive guide to porn flicks ever assembled by any publication. It includes capsule

reviews and storylines, complete listings and ratings—plus more than 300 hot color photographs. *Erotic Guide* is a must for every hard-core fan and adult-video collector. To get your copy, send \$4.95 (plus \$1 for postage and handling; \$2 for multiple orders) to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944)—or watch for it at your newsstand.



## Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER



We've always prided ourselves on being ahead of our time in most areas, but we never expected to be a trendsetter in the fashion world. Well, we were wrong. Case in point: a pioneering November 1975 layout titled *Scarlet*:

*Lady in Leather*. Not only are leather and chains now very big in the punk set, but everyone from break dancers to blue-blooded hostesses has followed our lead. Continuing HUSTLER's fearless fashion forecasting, we predict *pink* will be the coming color this fall.



## Sex News Bits

FINAL

### ■ WASTING A BASTING

SANTA CRUZ, CA—A new study has shown that many women are inseminating themselves in order to achieve hassle-free pregnancies. Using instructions outlined in the *Whole Earth Catalogue*, they're taking donated sperm and shooting it up their vaginas with turkey basters. Even for the lucky ones, Thanksgiving will never be the same.

### ■ COPPING HEAD

SAN FRANCISCO, CA—A police-academy recruit allegedly was handcuffed, led onto a stage and forced to be sucked off by a prostitute during a

graduation party at a popular restaurant. As many as 50 officers watched while the Police Code of Ethics was rewritten orally, but only a handful later admitted to being present at the event. Charges are being brought against all involved except for the victim. It sounds like a clear-cut case of illegal search and seizure.

### ■ TV O.D.

PROVIDENCE, RI—A 12-year-old boy was accused of sexually assaulting a ten-year-old girl on a pool table while other children watched. Officials think he got the idea from viewing the televised New

Bedford, Massachusetts, pool-table-rape trial on Cable News Network. Let's hope *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* doesn't have a similar impact when it's televised.

### ■ HOT CARS

SAN DIEGO, CA—A judge ordered a 61-year-old convicted car thief to be administered the controversial drug Depo-Provera to reduce his sex drive. Police say that Robert Batson "gets sexual gratification" from stealing cars—preferably large American-made automobiles. Who says size doesn't matter?

## Samurai Transsexual

Sex-change operations have become far too expensive for the average consumer. But now the Japa-

nese have come up with a revolutionary new way to cut prices. Known as "the Pork Chop," it's a simple, painless form of sur-

gery that requires no anesthesia and can be performed in a matter of moments. Although the American Medical Association has yet to certify this technique, we've learned it will be available

in the near future. You'll be able to just walk into the nearest karate studio, yell "Kiss my egg roll, Pan-face!," and presto-chango. Best of all, there'll be no charge for services rendered.



## A Taste of Polack Pride

Magda and Zbigniew Jaruszelski were just impoverished rest-room attendants in a little village outside of Warsaw until they dreamed up a surefire way to strike it rich. Taking a cue from such well-known chocolate-chip-cookie makers as Famous Amos, Mrs. Field's

and Almost Home, they recently began mass-producing Moist 'n' Messy—the official Polish gourmet cookie. The centuries-old family recipe, which was taste-tested by Poland's national bowling champions, includes pig fat, garlic, kielbasa, sauerkraut, cow chips and Magda's

secret ingredient—MSG. Instead of being baked, the cookies are garnished with fresh houseflies and left in the sun. Magda proudly reports that sales have been shitty. "Moist 'n' Messy," she explains, "is well on its way to becoming Poland's answer to Ex-Lax."

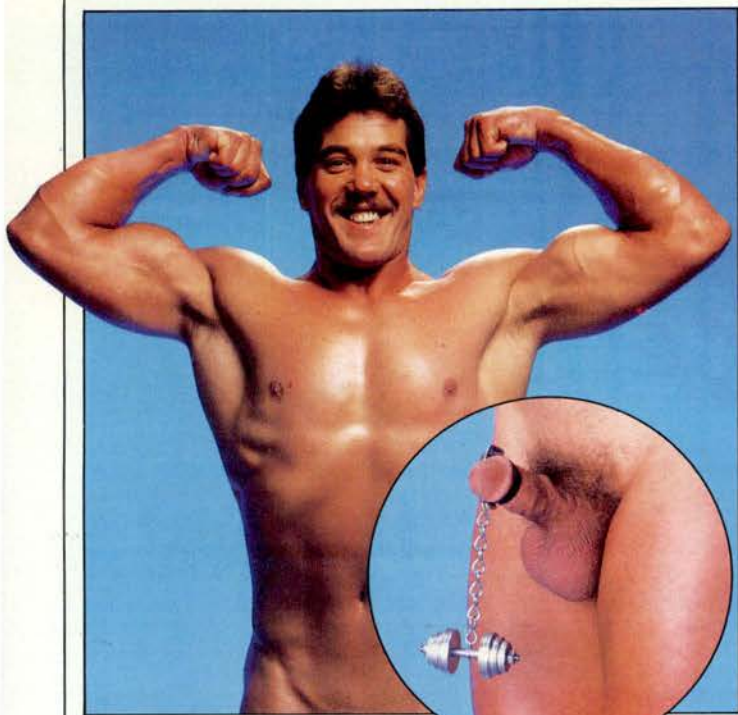


## Gator Bowl

After weeks of thorough investigation and painstaking research our hardworking editorial staff still cannot identify this "snappy" photograph. Could it be:

- a. a new Muppet?
- b. the latest treatment for hemorrhoids?
- c. Godzilla's mutant son?
- d. one of HUSTLER's accountants?
- e. a serious plumbing problem?
- f. all of the above?

If you selected any of these as your answer, you must know more about this photo than we do. A reader with a really bizarre sense of humor submitted it to us. We just think it's a crock of shit.



## Pumping Up

If you're obsessed with physical fitness, the people at Bare Necess-A-Tease Inc. (P.O. Box 218727, Houston, TX 77218-8727) have just the item for you: the first cock-barbell!

The *Erect-R-Sizer* is the perfect gift for the man who has

everything—but wants more anyway. For \$12.95 (plus \$2.50 postage and handling) this miniature novelty dumbbell may not replace the kind with long blond hair and tits, but it sure beats wearing an old lampshade as a party gag.

## Porn From the Past



This is a switch: the man claiming he has a headache and the woman refusing to take no for an answer. Just kidding. Actually, this is a picture of one of the earliest demonstrations of nude wrestling. The woman has the man pinned in a classic "headlock,"

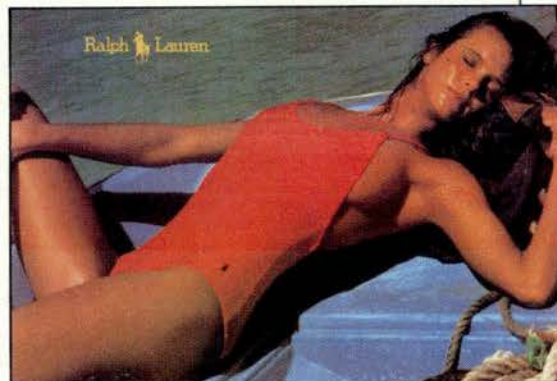
but she can't win until both of her opponent's testicles are touching the mat.

But seriously, if you've got any old smut that's a winner, mail it to *Bits and Pieces*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We pay \$150 for each shot we use.

# SEX IN MEDIA

**TIME HAS COME**—It took the Ivy League brains at *Time* 61 years to figure out what we've known all along: Centerfolds sell magazines. This eye-opening Ralph Lauren advertisement appeared in a recent issue and, frankly, we are a little bit worried about the competition. For such a tightass publication this represents an unprecedented departure from its traditional format. What's next, *Time*? Photos of Nancy Reagan in the buff? Margaret Thatcher on all fours? Indira Gandhi eating raw beef? Or maybe even a Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold?

say that the concept was hatched from the minds of our own talented staff of artists and writers. But we can't; this is a *real* advertisement from *The Runner* maga-



zine. We commend the cheeky people at Bill Rodgers & Company for having such a great eye for faces and for bending over forward to get their point across. Obviously, there must be quite a few Moonies in key management positions.

**ASS YOU WERE**—As for the 16 sets of buns below, we'd love to



We've been making terrific running clothes for many moons.

As you can see, we now have more kinds of shorts than we've ever had before. Six women's styles and five men's styles in 35 color combinations, to be exact. And we make



coordinated tops so you can mix and match with the shorts. Which means you'll look good when you run. Especially in the places where the sun doesn't shine.

For information and the name of a dealer near you, call 1-800-225-5465. Bill Rodgers & Co., 86 Finwell Dr., Weymouth, MA 02188.

# Million Dollar *Muffs*



Valerie Bertinelli



Dolly Parton



Linda Evans



Morgan Fairchild



Heather Thomas

Back in March we asked you to vote for the female celebrity you'd most like to see bare her pink in *HUSTLER*. And boy, did you vote! The 1984 Million-Dollar Muff contest garnered the greatest response ever—and here are the results.

Top vote-getter for the second consecutive year is Heather Thomas of TV's *The Fall Guy* . . . by a landslide. Other repeaters are *One Day at a Time*'s Valerie Bertinelli (Come on, Val, you show it to Eddie Van Halen; how 'bout giving *us* a peek?); everyone's favorite pair, Dolly Parton; *Dynasty*'s fair-haired femme fatale, Linda Evans; platinum sex kitten Morgan Fairchild; and luscious Loni Anderson (who placed high last year but didn't make the Top 10). Newcomers this time include *Splash*'s Daryl Hannah; *Dynasty* and *T. J. Hooker* cupcake Heather Locklear; a lass the editors would like to get physical with, Australian singer/actress Olivia Newton-John; and—we kid you not—First Lady Nancy Reagan. (If she accepts, we may go for \$10 million!)

Unfortunately, no votes were cast for Rhea Perlman of *Cheers*, bottom-heavy Nell Carter of *Gimme a Break* or Clara "Where's the Beef?" Peller. But there's always next year.

So come on, finalists, give us a call. A cool \$1 million awaits any one of you who agrees to spread (and we mean *spread*) your legs for the *HUSTLER* cameras. The million-dollar offer expires on December 31, 1984.



Loni Anderson



Daryl Hannah



Heather Locklear



Nancy Reagan



Olivia Newton-John

## Webster Gets Pinned

Everybody wants a piece of Emmanuel Lewis—ever since the pint-size star of TV's *Webster* was seen riding on Michael Jackson's shoulder

at the Grammy Awards. Unfortunately, this cute little guy is booked solid until puberty. But thanks to these adorable full-size pins, you too can wear Webster to your next social gathering. If they go over real big in the fashion world, the manufacturer plans to come out with his new line of Gary Coleman earrings.



Shelley Winters  
says  
KEEP TRIM - STAY SLIM  
eat  
**VIVIANO**  
**SPAGHETTI**  
WORLD FAMOUS  
37 VARIETIES  
Viviano Spaghetti helps supply energy... is rich in Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, niacin, iron... contains as much protein as lean meat.  
Made of SEMOLINA, not from "flour."  
Viviano Spaghetti is VOID of starch content.  
HENCE... it is easy on the waistline!

## Girth of a Nation

There are several ways to keep thin, but judging from roly-poly actress Shelley Winters, eating lots of spaghetti isn't one of them. Apparently, the Viviano people gave the onetime shapely sexpot a lifetime supply of their starchy prod-

uct for doing this 1952 ad. And after 30 years of chowing down the stuff, she's turned into one big spicy meatball. The moral of this pathetic story is that when it comes to physical beauty, you should concentrate on the present—not the pasta.



## Canine Crappers

Sooner or later everyone steps in the foul stuff. Even after scraping it off on the curb or the lawn, you spend the rest of the day smell-

ing shit on your shoe and nervously inspecting your heel. Dogshit, in short, has become an inescapable fact of urban life. But now your worries are



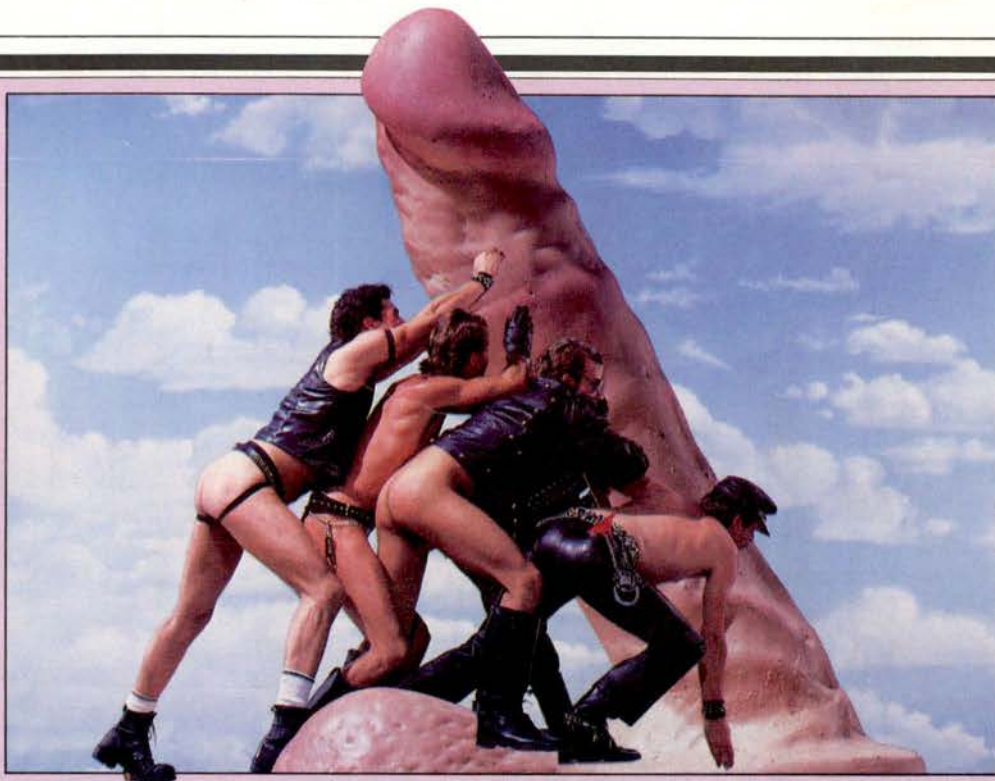
over. Our public-spirited research-and-development department has come up with an ingenious way to solve the problem: public restrooms for canines. These doggy dumpers would ensure sanitary sidewalks

and relieve pet owners of the embarrassment suffered when their mutt lays a load in the crosswalk. For the sake of a cleaner America, we feel that building pooch potties is a duty that should not be sidestepped.

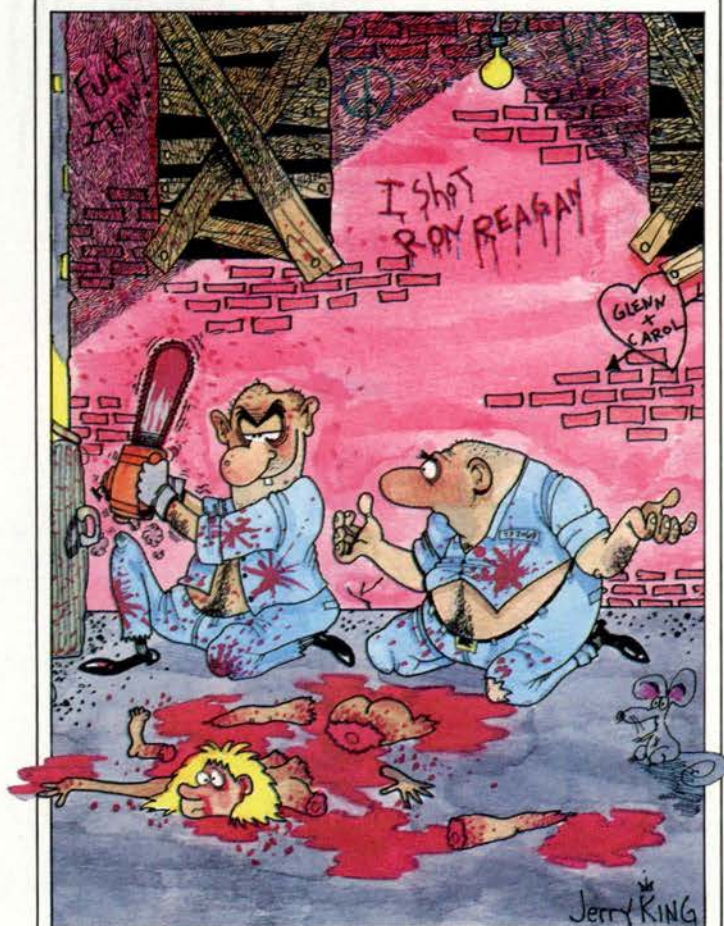
## Rally Around the Fag, Boys!

In honor of those brave men who've given all they've got for the cause of gay rights, a San Francisco artist has created a statue—simply titled “Bruce”—that he hopes will symbolize for homosexuals what the Statue of Liberty does for immigrants. The inscription on the pedestal reads: “Give me your tall, your blond, your well-hung masses yearning to bend over . . . and we'll take 'em for a drive around the block.”

Reaction to this monument has been mixed, at best, but one critic lisped, “I'd certainly like to meet the guy who posed for it.”



## Most Tasteless Cartoon



“Gee, Gus, don’t you think we should have raped her first?”

## HUSTLER Update

### MURDER BY GOVERNMENT: NUCLEAR DEATHS

October '80

Our hard-hitting article detailed



the tragic fate of Utah residents who were exposed to high levels of radioactive fallout during tests of atomic weapons conducted by the U.S. government in the mid-1950s. Those who lived downwind of these aboveground detonations have suffered from cancer, birth defects and other radiation-related diseases in rates hundreds of times higher than those of the general population. Last May, Federal Judge Bruce S. Jenkins awarded some of the victims of this nuclear horror \$2.66 million in damages; yet the government still insists there were no deaths or injuries as a result of the tests. “There is nothing wrong with telling the American people the truth,” the judge stated in his 489-page opinion. We applaud his decision.

### THE COCAINE BATTLE-GROUND

February '84

HUSTLER's investigative report revealed the



gruesome side of cocaine: the murders, the tragedy of addiction and the political power and influence of Colombia's biggest dealers. Last April cocaine was involved in New York City's biggest drug-related mass murder ever. Among the victims, eight were children under 14, one was a woman in her sixth month of pregnancy, and all were relatives or friends of an unlucky Hispanic who snitched on his Colombian coke connection. The following month Colombia's minister of justice was gunned down in the street by cocaine dealers eager to silence that country's most outspoken and effective cocaine opponent: His death has led to an all-out war against cocaine exports to the U.S. by the Colombian government.

### Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For September, \$150 goes to Russell Alexis, Mike Cove and John J. Duerr. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material (“items”) are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.

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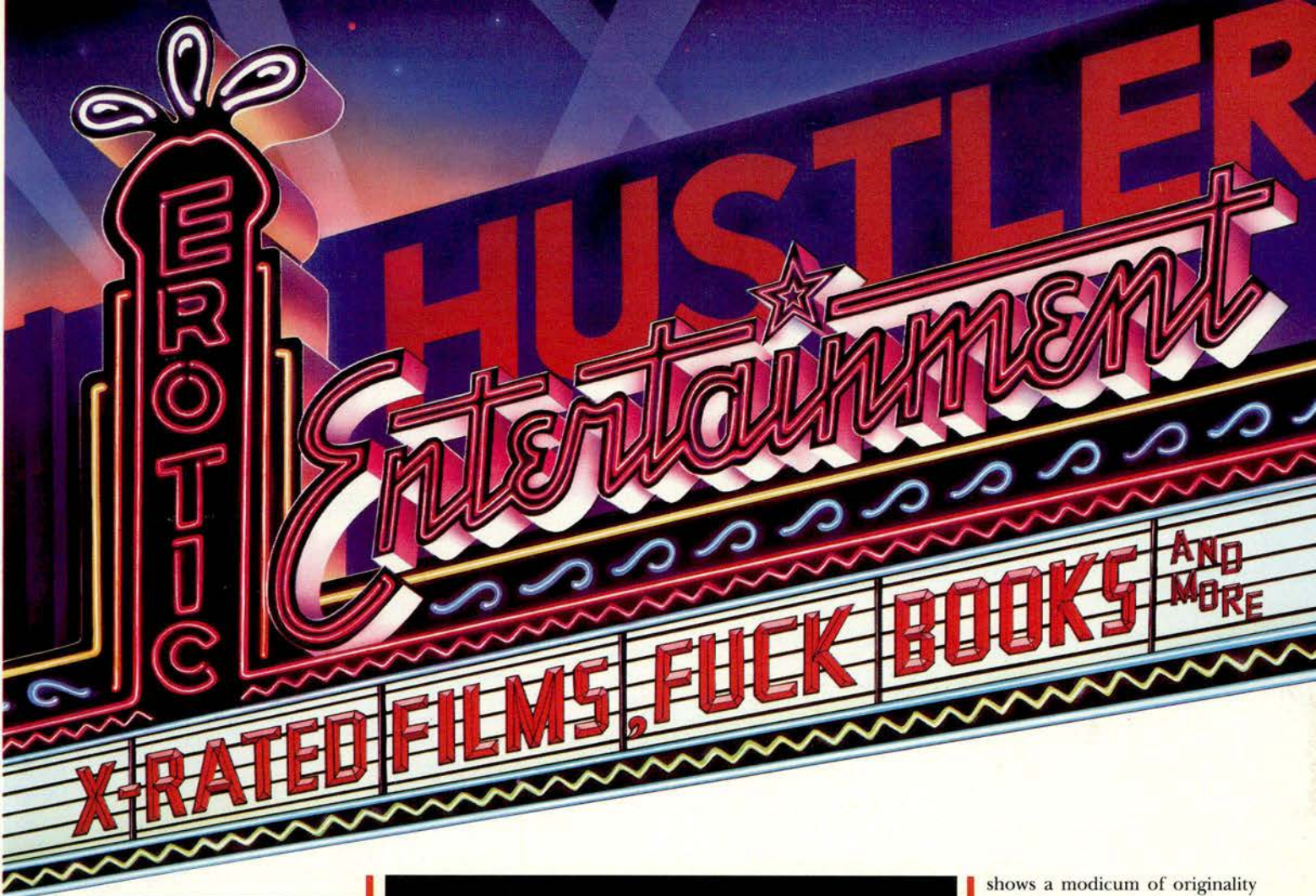
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## X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

### Hot Pursuit

*Fully Erect.* Produced by Christopher Frederixs; written by J. Steward and Stanley Forest; directed by Stanley Forest; starring Annette Haven, Abel Caine, Sidney Derko, Jackie Jones, Sandy Lane, Lola James, Tanya Taylor, Michelle Norris, and Jim Austin. *Hot Pursuit* is a lesbian tryst from *Hot Pursuit*.

This film is so good because it



shows a modicum of originality and diverse erotic imagination. Filmed entirely on location in Holland, it features (with the exception of American superstar Annette Haven) a gang of completely unknown European talent and tells a well-conceived story. All these elements make *Hot Pursuit* a porn film you'll want to watch, not just jerk off to.

Annette Haven plays a recording star with a scarred past: She once shot a porn loop. Fearing this truth will someday come out and ruin her career, Haven hires a private detective (Abel Caine) to find the damning reel. Caine discovers the film is hidden in a mattress that is supposedly located somewhere inside the Yab Yum Men's Club—an exotic sex parlor where all manner of kink and carnal sin are experienced. Assuming many disguises to get into the place, Caine has a series of sexual trysts but can't find the right mattress. When he comes to the last room, a Kama Sutra instructor (also played by Haven) tells him the mattress isn't at the club at all but was given to a recording studio for sound insulation when the establishment was refurbished. Caine and Haven follow their clues to a studio in-



In 'Hot Pursuit' Annette Haven uses her superlative sexual talents to the fullest.

habited by a very lame-sounding group of heavy-metallars. While Haven is stroking, sucking and humping the horny musicians, Caine finds the film. In the end a very interesting sequence has Haven watching with both relief



Abel Caine has his greasy hands full with a hooker in 'Hot Pursuit.'

and revulsion her long-past hard-core performance.

The sex action in *Hot Pursuit* is varied, strong and sensual. A lesbian scene between the beautiful Jackie Jones and Sandy Lane is so patiently photographed, you can actually feel the friction being transferred from one body to the other. And in an incredible sequence right out of *The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau*, Lola James performs a submerged, bathtub blowjob on Jack Parker that climaxes with a slow-motion cum-shot that must be seen to be believed. Of course, the ageless Annette Haven is ever-delectable, and here she's especially inviting in her dual roles. And if that isn't enough, Ms. Haven's

ridiculous vocal rendition of "Teddy Bear" (not Elvis's!) is a definite must-catch. Olivia Newton-John, watch out!

From its clever script to its keen and kinky collection of sexual scenarios to the welcome erotic comeback of Annette Haven, *Hot Pursuit* will titillate even the most jaded porn fan. —L.M.F.



## Unthinkable

*Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Mark Corby; written by Geno Belanca; directed by Robert McCallum; starring Honey Wilder, Eric Edwards, Pamela Mann, Tamara Longley, Bunny Blue, Scott Irish, Mark Harris and Jerry Davis. Running time: 80 minutes.*

Before you gasp, "Oh, no—not another incest flick!," hold on to your bulge and cast aside those doubts that this taboo subject has been beaten into the pornographic ground. Adult filmdom has produced some good incest Xers (*Taboo* and *Playing With Fire*) and some dreadful ones (*Teenage Twins* and *Virginia*). But unlike its predecessors, *Unthinkable* takes so nonchalant an approach to the delicate theme that it comes off as a pure-and-simple wall-to-wall fuck film that's really too stupid to be offensive. And believe it, folks, this picture is unbelievably stupid.

Taking place all under one roof, the story revolves around a brother and sister (newcomers Scott Irish and Bunny Blue) who can't get enough of each other's genitalia. When the kids' parents (Honey Wilder and Eric Edwards) leave for the weekend, the

maid (Tamara Longley) takes care of the hot-blooded youngsters by sexually satisfying one, then the other, then both. Add to this comical situation a visit by an older sister (Pamela Mann) who—ten seconds after stepping in the front door—jumps on her baby sister's pussy and ignites an all-out familial orgy that is surely one of the great group-sex romps ever filmed.

The farcical tale comes to a close as Mom and Dad return home to find Irish coming in Blue's mouth. Not even feigning shock, the elders merely give a matter-of-fact shrug of the shoulders at the sight, as if such behavior were commonplace in modern society (and their home).

Ignoring *Unthinkable*'s ludicrous dialogue and monotonous tone, you're confronted with some very hot sexual performers. Tamara Longley is the blue screen's answer to Charlotte Rampling—a devastatingly sultry "vamp" who sucks cock and pussy with startling expertise. And as for the lovely nymphet Bunny Blue, her 90-pound frame handles more pud-pounding than appears humanly possible. The initial blowjob she provides for Irish is wet, creative and entirely convincing.

Leave your scruples in your suitcase and enjoy *Unthinkable* for what it is: one hot fuck film. —L.M.F.



## Hypersexuals

*Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by James George; written by Rick*



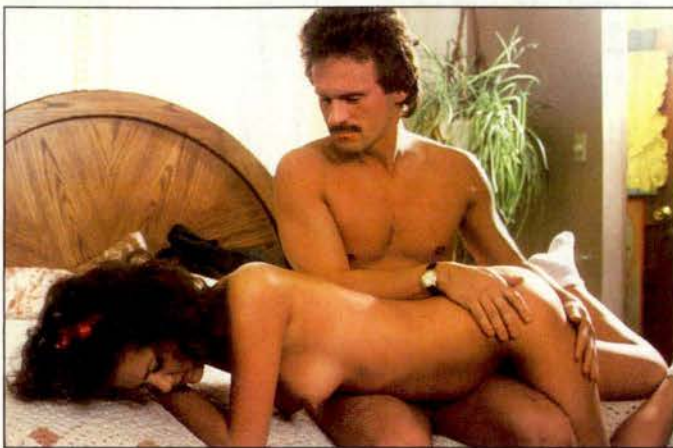
Mark Harris gives nymphet daughter Bunny Blue a lift in 'Unthinkable.'

*Marx; directed by Robert Houston; starring Brooke Fields, Bobby Astyr, Michael Knight, Laurie Smith, Cody Nicole, Jeanne Silver, Herschel Savage, Mic Igan, Michael Bruce, George Payne, Annette Heinz, Tanya Lawson, Carol Cross, Joey Silvera, Dan Stephens and Dick Howard. Running time: 80 minutes.*

Adult films seem to be mocking a trend prevalent in mainstream cinema for the past few years. Teenage sex comedies have become incredibly popular of late, and the X-industry is trying to cash in with hard-core teenage sex comedies. *Piggy's* (reviewed here last month) was porn's answer to *Porky's*—far cheaper but a damn sight dirtier. Now we have *Hypersexuals*, a sex-drenched takeoff that crossbreeds *Animal House* and *Risky Business*. Granted, all these X-spoofs are mindless exercises in explicit stupid



Bunny Blue has a firm hold of stiff Scott Irish in the incest romp 'Unthinkable.'



In 'Hypersexuals' Joey Silvera slaps around passive hooker Brooke Fields.

comedy, but they do provide a vicarious visual thrill.

The story revolves around the bad boys who occupy the Phi Beta Dappa fraternity. Bobby Astyr plays the boys' tyrannical leader who won't let them have any fun—or girls—in the house. When Astyr's mother is hospitalized out of town, he goes to join her. This leaves the gnarly group



Lovely Tanya Lawson backs into a thrusting Mic Igan in 'Hypersexuals.'

of boneheaded collegians free to run rampant. First, a stripper/hooker (Annette Heinz) is hired to give a three-way blowjob to fraternity brothers Michael Knight, George Payne and Michael Bruce. Next, the guys wreck Astyr's car in a city-street race, mess up the house by burning a pizza and ultimately involve themselves in a prostitution venture (a la *Risky Business*) in order to pay for the expensive damages to the car and house.

Shy-boy mastermind Herschel Savage coordinates the operation and falls in love with hooker Brooke Fields (formerly known as Blair Castle). The two share the film's most sensual moment in a scene that accentuates Fields's exquisite figure. In the end—when Astyr returns—the

house is clean, the car is fixed, everyone's gotten off, and it's happy-ever-after time.

For a guaranteed laugh and a lift in the pants, *Hypersexuals* is a lesson in lusty lunacy. —L.M.F.



## Bodacious Ta Ta's

*Totally Limp. Produced by Paul Vattelli; written by Steve Mehoff; directed by Paul Vattelli; starring Bridgette Monet, David Cannon, Kitten Natividad, Rosie Marie, Ron Jeremy, Pat Manning, Greg Derek and Patti Wright. Running time: 76 minutes.*

*Bodacious Ta Ta's* is the sorriest piece of celluloid fecal material to fall from the asshole of this industry in many a year. And for the X-rated-film biz, which is sincerely trying to gain respect by improving its product, *Bodacious* places the proverbial knife in its back and recalls the scum-drenched underground-sleaze-loop mentality that propagated the roots of porn. In short, this pathetic 76-minute exercise in noneroticism sets blue movies

back 15 years. It's really a damn shame for those out there who believe that pornography is more meaningful and artistic than just a man shooting his wad in his passive partner's face.

The ludicrously simplistic story revolves around a dull-witted jock (Greg Derek) and his pre-wedding jitters. As a therapeutic move, Derek's equally lame friends (Ron Jeremy and David Cannon) encourage the frustrated and confused groom-to-be to get his rocks off elsewhere. Enter Patti Wright, a nicely cleaved ash-blonde whose sexual talents are completely wasted in a weak-kneed waltz on the couch with the goofy-eyed Derek. After helping him blow his load, however, Wright convinces Derek that matrimony isn't so bad, and the film plods to a conclusion.

*Bodacious Ta Ta's* is not only trashy looking, it's insultingly boring from a purely crotch-level point of view. And one of the primary reasons for this is the screen presence of porn's most stomach-wrenching couple, Bridgette Monet and David Cannon. In one scene that exudes all the sensual excitement of a newly risen herpes blister, the milque-toast Cannon goes through the copulatory motions with the lovely but listless Monet—a woman who in her short X-rated career has done for cinematic eroticism what Jerry Falwell's done for the First Amendment.

Don't be sucked in by the enticing ads of grand-chested women (like bimbo-supremo Kitten Natividad) that depict *Bodacious* as a hard-core tit-man's fantasy feast. This picture's a loser from front to back and an embarrassment to anyone who genuinely appreciates good adult entertainment. Miss it at all costs. —L.M.F.



Dullards Bridgette Monet and David Cannon plod through sex in 'Bodacious Ta Ta's.'

## ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

### Fully Erect

Alexandra  
Dixie Ray—Hollywood Star  
Firestorm  
Fleshdance  
Golden Girls  
HUSTLER Video Magazine #1  
Maneaters  
Night Hunger  
Reel People  
Rx for Sex  
Sexcapades  
Suzie Superstar  
That's Outrageous  
The Young Like It Hot

### Three-Quarters Erect

All American Girls in Heat  
Bubblegum  
Corruption  
Female Sensations  
Girlfriends  
Never Sleep Alone  
Piggy's  
Playing With Fire  
Pleasure So Deep  
Temptation

### Half Erect

A Taste of Money  
Babylon Blue  
Between Lovers  
Eat at the Blue Fox  
Flashpants  
Pleasure Zones  
Private Moments  
Show Your Love  
Smoker  
Sulka's Wedding  
That's My Daughter  
Treasure Box

### One-Quarter Erect

Let's Talk Sex  
Sweet Young Foxes  
The Challenge of Desire  
When She Was Bad

### Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon  
All About Annette  
Virginia

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

## RATING GUIDE

- FULLY ERECT  
Superior. A top production.
- THREE-QUARTERS ERECT  
A well-made film.
- HALF ERECT  
So-so. Limited appeal.
- ONE-QUARTER ERECT  
Poor. Don't expect much.
- TOTALLY LIMP  
A waste of time and money.

# PORNPOURRI

Edited by Lon M. Friend

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

## Rear Girls Action



(Lipstick Video) For those of you who prefer watching ladies only, there's not a man in sight in this strictly lez-action video. If you're

also a connoisseur of anal penetration, take it from us: This butt's for you! *Rear Action Girls* is a shot-on-video offering that features five luscious ladies (Erica Boyer, Grace West, Lynn Ray, Bridgette Royale and Debbie Northrup) who for 90 minutes ravenously explore one another's every nook and cranny—special emphasis on the crannies—with tongues, fingers, tits, vibrators, beads, dildos . . . in short, just about everything that can find its way into an asshole or a cunt. This sex-drenched epic also has a story, of sorts: Photographer Boyer needs to find some new girls who are willing to have their poop chutes probed in scenes for a magazine photo-set she's shooting. With the storyline quickly established, Boyer ends her painful-to-hear dialogue by proclaiming, "Enough of this shit!" and gets down to what she's really good at: lesbian sex. From this



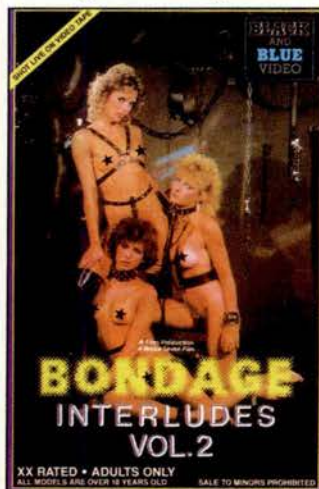
A sapphic sextet of sizzling femme fatales highlights 'Rear Action Girls.'

moment to the end of the tape, the only time the action slows down is when the girls change dildos. If dykes and sex toys don't turn you on, skip this one. But if plenty of rear action is your fantasy, sights like Boyer and West butt to butt with double-dong dildos connecting bung-hole to bung-hole and twat to twat are guaranteed to bring a wad to your rod. *Rear Action Girls* more than lives up to its name.

—Doug Oliver

## Bondage Interludes Volume II

(Black and Blue Video) The hardest thing about *Bondage Interludes*



Vol. II is watching it. These silly loops are the bondage equivalent to old nudist films of the "Boobs and Buns in Tahiti" variety. Asses get slapped, nipples get pinched—and that's about it. There's no cocksucking, pussy-munching or insertion (of anything), only a lot of beautiful women hanging around—by their wrists, their ankles and their tits.

Of course, there's always a chance (say, one in a million) that this sort of soft-core bondage will appeal to someone, but the real problem with this video is that no one connected with it seems to know enough about bondage to even fake it well. The most menacing segment features Tracey Donovan and the beautiful Bridgette Royale dangling by their wrists while two male intruders slap and whip them.

The remaining three segments are even less sincere than the others. There's absolutely no reason to own this title unless you want to get a look at some moderately

exotic bondage gear and Bridgette Royale's latest pair of rhinestone earrings.

—D. O.

## Happy Birthday Bondage-Gram

(Bizarre Video) While the premise of this hourlong bondage tape is sound enough—a dominatrix who specializes in giving "stinging" telegrams—the production values, acting and sex are so hideous that watching this dog is more torturous than participating in what's taking place onscreen. The "story" is about a dyke (Jennifer West) who returns home to find that her lover (Melanie Scott) has left the house a mess again. Since the next day is Scott's birthday, West calls up Kink-O-Gram and has them send over just what her girlfriend needs to change her sloppy ways: a Dominatrix-Gram. Enter bad-girl Christina Hill, who arrives with a trunk-load of leather, chains, whips, paddles and other humiliating tools of the trade. After a few moments with the foul-mouthed bondage lady, Scott is ready to shape up. As is the case in virtually all Bizarre



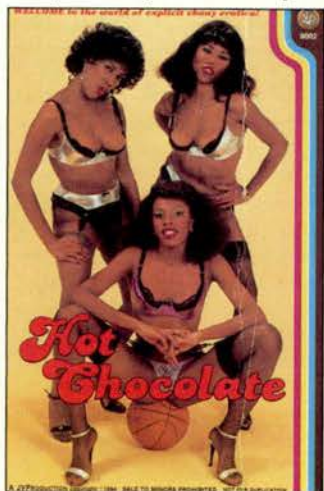
Video productions, the sex is soft, and the action is slow and stupid. But for pure leather-and-chain junkies a shiver of excitement may materialize.

—Kent Smith

## Hot Chocolate

(Joint Venture Productions) For those who've been starving for an all-black cast fucking and sucking

their brains out, *Hot Chocolate* is your dish. This hard-core romp makes no bones about being nothing more than special-kink raincoat fare that desires only to put a bone in your shorts and a smile on your face. Big-breasted Cinnamon Dream plays a talent scout competing with two couples to recruit a basketball player (Tony El'Ay) for their colleges. Naturally, sex becomes the sole enticement—triggering the onslaught of explicit action. The bodies 'don't stop bouncing around for a single moment, making *Hot Chocolate* a worthwhile—though embarrassingly cheap-looking—video-sex pro-



duction that should raise a few eyebrows...not to mention puds.

—K. S.

## Lost in Lust

(*Gourmet Video*) This is the first entry in Gourmet's new budget series of shot-on-video featurettes. Unfortunately, they're not off to a good start. The serviceable plot has Marc Wallace and Blake "Ever Limp" Palmer stopping to pick up hitchhiker Misty Dawn. When their truck won't start up again, they all hike to the nearest dwelling, where Pamela Jennings and Stacey Donovan welcome them with more than open arms. But the dialogue sounds as if it were made up on the spot by people who had never in their entire lives been required to say more than, "Oh...oh...mmm...yeah..." The camera never seems to be in the right place, and the actors and direction are equally clumsy. To top it off, the first 20 minutes of this 60-minute yawn are disappointingly soft.

On the plus side there is a ter-



rific solo sequence with the delicious Misty Dawn and a dildo—followed by a lesbian trio who really heat things up. And the finale when everyone slithers around in a pile on the floor will give you a rise. But these scenes aren't strong enough to save *Lost in Lust* from being really run-of-the-mill.

—D. O.

## Girls on Girls

(*Video Company of America*) This shot-on-video production has its equal share of soaring highs and sewer-level lows. First the bad news: The tape is narrated by Francesca "Kitten" Natividad, the classic bimbo with an IQ that has to be lower than her bust size. Watching her flounce about the dimly lit sets, shaking her boobs like a retarded burlesque showgirl, is about as exciting as a hooker's undoubted snatch. Ahhh, but now for the good news: a pair of lesbian sequences that will singe the short hairs of



any red-blooded male's balls. In the first romp, bleached-blond yummy Desiree Lane performs a sapphic shoot-out with sexy Kimberly Carson (in one of the latter's very few girl/girl scenes). The two thoroughly enjoy each other's bodily parts, as do

femme-suckers Laurie Smith and Amy Lawson. A sweat-soaked pussy-to-pussy rub-a-dub highlights this lesbo love tryst. So if you can put up with clumsy Kitten and her inane prancing, *Girls on Girls* will reward you with a healthy hard-on.

—L.M.F.

## ON THE DARK SIDE



Walter (left) and Gregory Dark: changing the face of modern pornography.

A respected adult-movie producer, Walter Dark is best known for distributing video-cassette releases of such counterculture, closet hard-core classics as *Cafe Flesh*, *Midnight Heat*, *Her Name Was Lisa*, *Smoker* and *Corruption*. His showbiz "brother," Gregory, has been involved in the making of big-budget cable documentaries on pimps, hookers and the porn-film industry. Recently the Darks joined their diverse talents to create a line of underground sex tapes that should light up the X-rated industry. Their first production, *Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout White Chicks*, plays on the racial stereotype of big-dick black men loving tight white snatch. As curiously entertaining as it is controversial, this shot-on-video offering features enough salt-and-pepper butt-banging and pussy-pounding to satisfy every fuck-film lover—black, white or any color of the rainbow. About their future movie ideas, the "Dark Brothers" will only say, "This is just the beginning."

# BOOKS

Reviewed by  
Theodore Sturgeon

## The Illustrated History of Girlie Magazines

By Mark Gabor; Harmony Books/Crown Publishers, One Park Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$25.

At first glance this big, colorful book seems to be a pretty fair attempt at a detailed survey of the erotic content of magazines from the *National Police Gazette* of the 1800s to today's *HUSTLER*. But at second glance it turns out to be just one more pointless, overpriced tome for the coffee table—and an all-too-obvious effort to duplicate the best-seller success of Gabor's previous book, *The Pin-Up*.

Although it's apparent that he spent a great deal of time writing the text and gathering hundreds of soft-core photos and illustrations from the archives of major men's magazines, the sad truth is *The Illustrated History of Girlie Magazines* is a dull book. You're better off buying *HUSTLER*—which is six times more honest, open and erotic and six times less expensive.

*Illustrated History* would be a safe gift for an elderly friend whose doctor has warned him that one more hard-on could be his last. The only thing that this book will induce is sleep.

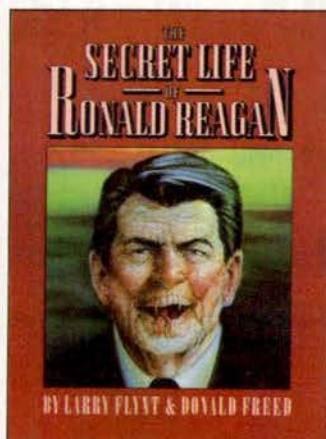
## The Secret Life of Ronald Reagan

By Larry Flynt and Donald Freed; *HUSTLER Press*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054; \$14.95.

Ronald Reagan's carefully cultivated image—as a friendly but sternly moralistic father figure who has the best interests of America at heart—seems to have endeared him to most Americans. Well, most of us have been taken in. Ronald Reagan, the



A 'shocking,' kinky photograph from one of *HUSTLER*'s early issues enlivens 'The Illustrated History of Girlie Magazines.'



genial ex-movie actor, is in the process of selling America down the river.

In this hard-hitting, exhaustively researched exposé, Flynt and Freed strip away the veneer of the Reagan image to reveal a vain and dangerous man whose secret dealings with criminal and fascist elements in this country enabled him to land his ultimate starring role—"Leader of the Free World."

The crux of the authors' argument is that "Ronald Reagan's regime represents the most extreme, antidemocratic power grab in our history; that violence and secrecy surround Reagan and his men and have since Reagan's Screen Actors Guild presidency in 1947"; and that Reagan's vision of America "is, when scrutinized, a compendium of covert actions aimed at the establishment of a corporate 'authoritarian' state."

In support of their argument, Flynt and Freed present more than 200 pages of startling information and dramatic testimony that link Reagan to organized crime, major drug traffickers,

shady financial operations, secret political activities and extreme right-wing groups (including the Ku Klux Klan).

Every American who cares about his country and his freedom should read *The Secret Life of Ronald Reagan*—to find out how close we are to kissing democracy goodbye.

## The Legal Whorehouse Owner's Handbook

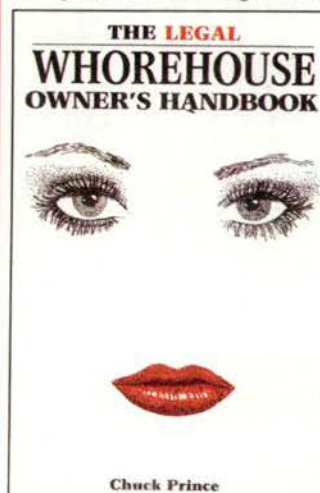
By Chuck Prince; Charlton House, P.O. Box 2474, Newport Beach, CA 92663; \$6.95.

Considering that Nevada is the only state to legalize prostitution and that none of the remaining 49 have made a move to follow suit, it's doubtful that this how-to manual will be of much practical use for most readers. But just because a whorehouse is probably the business you're least likely to own is no reason not to read this book. It's dynamite!

Spiked with humor, *Handbook* is a grand tour of the world of legal prostitution. Often with tongue in cheek, the author gives advice to the prospective brothel owner on such basics as location, male vs. female ownership (some Nevada counties require that the owner be female), how to hire prostitutes, how to choose a madam, operating licenses and registration fees, what to charge customers (\$20 for ten minutes of straight sex is the minimum), enforcing house rules and keeping books (the house gets 50% of

a girl's earnings—tips too—plus a fee for room and board). He also touches on the unusual: why prostitutes rarely kiss clients (it's too intimate), the necessity of having a "house slut" (she'll sleep with johns the other girls wouldn't vomit on), what to wear to the Brothel Board interview, what kind of food to stock, which magazines to buy for the girls (*Cosmopolitan* is Number 1) and what kinds of pets to keep in the parlor (Great Danes, Dobermans and Labradors are favored—intimidating as watchdogs, they can double as working partners for the kinky).

*HUSTLER* has advocated legalized prostitution for years. The picture that Chuck Prince paints of Nevada's farsighted experiment indicates that it's been a great success: pimps, violence, the spread of VD, drugs—all the



seamy aspects of illegal prostitution—have been eliminated. And everybody makes money. Has the time for legalized prostitution finally come? *HUSTLER* thinks so. The author thinks so. Read his book and you will too.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 INSIDE SEKA                | <input type="checkbox"/> 22 HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES  |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 5 INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES     | <input type="checkbox"/> 25 DOWNSTAIRS/UPSTAIRS   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6 BLONDE GODDESS             | <input type="checkbox"/> 26 DIRTY WESTERN         |
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# "MARLENE"

## Adventures in the Skin Trade

Prostitutes come in all shades and varieties. There are 13-year-old nymphets—faceless runaways living a dangerous fantasy of independence and worldliness. There are the semiprofessionals—party girls who turn a few tricks when they need a new dress or a new fix. There are the middle-aged callgirls—tough and calculating on the outside, but with the hearts of women who know instinctively that they are not only aging but trapped. There are the elegant, elusive top-liners—the beautiful and secretive women often seen at political fund-raisers or embassy parties, whose identities are never known until some career-breaking scandal explodes in all the newspapers.

There is, in other words, no typical hooker. But in a variety of ways "Marlene" is a combination of many of the qualities that characterize those in her trade. A 24-year-old veteran of four years on the streets of Hollywood, a year in an outcall service (one that dispatches hookers to a client's home or hotel through a central switchboard) and another year as an independent callgirl, Marlene is anything but an arresting beauty. "I have too much nose," she readily admits. But she has a sort of prettiness that's somewhere be-

tween sultry and schoolgirl, an asset accentuated by a slender, useful-looking body. She has elements of hardness about her—survival tools, really, rather than any lack of soul—but she can be amazingly sensitive and soft-hearted. She has a street girl's education, but she's also intelligent, articulate and well-read. She is part psychologist and part patient; part temptress and part victim; part calculating businesswoman, part lover and

part friend. She is, in short, a complex woman, a sort of modern-American version of the hooker Shirley MacLaine played in the movie *Irma La Douce*.

Marlene grew up in Southern California, living a childhood that was neither pure Ozzie and Harriet nor pure tabloid horror story. Her parents were divorced when she was a baby, and she grew up with a stepfather who was abusive—although not sexually—and a mother who supported him. As soon as she was 18, Marlene left home, and her entry into "the life" is described in detail in this interview with frequent HUSTLER contributor Bill Lawren.

In Los Angeles, where Marlene works and lives, that life has never been more fiercely competitive. On the eve of the Olympics thousands of hookers are pouring into L.A. from all over the country to service the throngs of sports enthusiasts who've come to town for the '84 Games.

Unlike these transients, who stay in cheap hotels near tourist hangouts, Marlene lives in a neighborhood where Korean markets alternate with Cuban bakeries—an area that provides the kind of anonymity that sustains her both personally and professional-

### by Bill Lawren



HUSTLER correspondent Bill Lawren chats with "Marlene," a \$100 hooker.

*"We pulled into a side street. It was broad daylight, and I just wanted to get it over with—just a quick blowjob."*

ly. Her apartment looks more like that of a starving artist than a successful hooker. Wire sculptures, books of poetry and pictures of Marilyn Monroe share the space with a hospital volunteer's badge, a book called *Contemporary Theories of Schizophrenia* and copies of the upscale magazine *Vanity Fair*. It was in this sanctuary, where she never brings her business, that Lawren interviewed her.

**HUSTLER:** How did you first get involved in prostitution?

**MARLENE:** When I was a kid, I was sort of a weekend runaway. To get out of the house, I'd run away for a few days and gravitate toward the Hollywood streets. I hung out with the drug people, the prostitutes, the bisexuals—they were the most colorful people. In fact, it was the most colorful time in my life.

**HUSTLER:** Is that when you started turning tricks?

**MARLENE:** No. But I accepted the fact that my girlfriends did. They were runaways too. It was fascinating to me that these 12-year-old girls had run away from Florida and that now they were 14 at the most and already jaded and hard. But I

never judged them. Sometimes I would even go with them when they turned tricks, because it was better if they had a partner; they wouldn't get beat up.

**HUSTLER:** Did you watch?

**MARLENE:** No. We'd go to a motel room, and I'd just wait outside the door.

**HUSTLER:** How did you move from chaperone to participant?

**MARLENE:** Well, I was about 18 and working as a receptionist. I was getting tired of working for low wages, and finally I quit because it was boring, and I couldn't stand it anymore. Pretty soon the money started to run out, and I knew I had to do something illegal to make some bucks if I didn't want to go back to the reception desk. I tried selling downers to those fresh, new, green kids on the streets. I'd sell them three or four and tell them to be sure not to take them all at once. But sure enough, I'd see them an hour later with a bunch of bikers carrying them off into some van. I'd say to myself, *That's my fault*. I felt horrible.

**HUSTLER:** So you decided to turn tricks instead?

**MARLENE:** Yeah. That way at least if any-

body gets hurt, it's me, and I'm responsible for myself. Besides, I was doing good for someone, and it was honest. I was providing a service.

**HUSTLER:** How did you start?

**MARLENE:** I was hitchhiking a lot, and men were hitting on me every day. I was telling myself, *You gotta have the money, you know how to give head, and you've done it before. What's the big deal now?* So one sunny afternoon—I'll never forget it—I just started hitchhiking in North Hollywood, and sure enough, this guy picked me up. I hit on him, and we pulled over into a side street. It was really weird. It was broad daylight, and I just wanted to get it over with—just a quick blowjob.

**HUSTLER:** How much did you get?

**MARLENE:** Twenty bucks.

**HUSTLER:** How'd it feel? Like you'd crossed some line?

**MARLENE:** In a way, but I was so primed for it that it didn't seem shocking. I felt tense and nervous, and I wanted to get it over with as fast as possible because we could have gotten caught. He was fat and ugly and sweaty, and he was tense too, because he'd never done it before. He couldn't get off. Finally, I got out of the car and walked away. He just sat there.

**HUSTLER:** How'd you feel afterward?

**MARLENE:** I was very affected by it. As soon as I got out of his sight, I realized I'd gotten away with it. I had the \$20, and it had only taken me ten minutes. But I was also bitter and angry, thinking, *You stupid asshole, all this time you've been giving it away for free. Never again*. I was hooked right then. It was just too easy.

**HUSTLER:** Did you start developing a style, deciding what you would and wouldn't do?

**MARLENE:** Yeah. I was very rigid at first. I didn't want to have intercourse with anybody. I didn't want some man suffocating me, pinning me down. I didn't want to lose control. And for my own safety I didn't want to be in a motel room. Also, head seemed so easy. Men usually got off really fast that way, and a lot of times that's all they wanted.

**HUSTLER:** Did you work them all until they got off?

**MARLENE:** Not all the time. I had this really arrogant attitude, like "What the fuck do you want for 20 bucks?"

**HUSTLER:** So it was head in cars for how long?

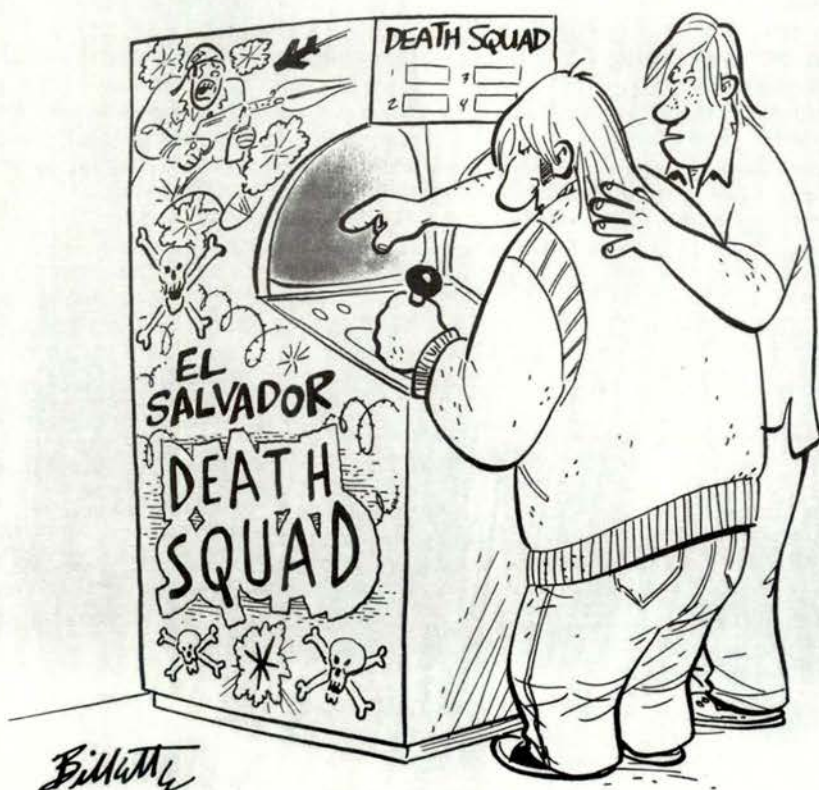
**MARLENE:** Whenever I was desperate for money. I guess I was on the street for about four years.

**HUSTLER:** Did you ever work with a pimp?

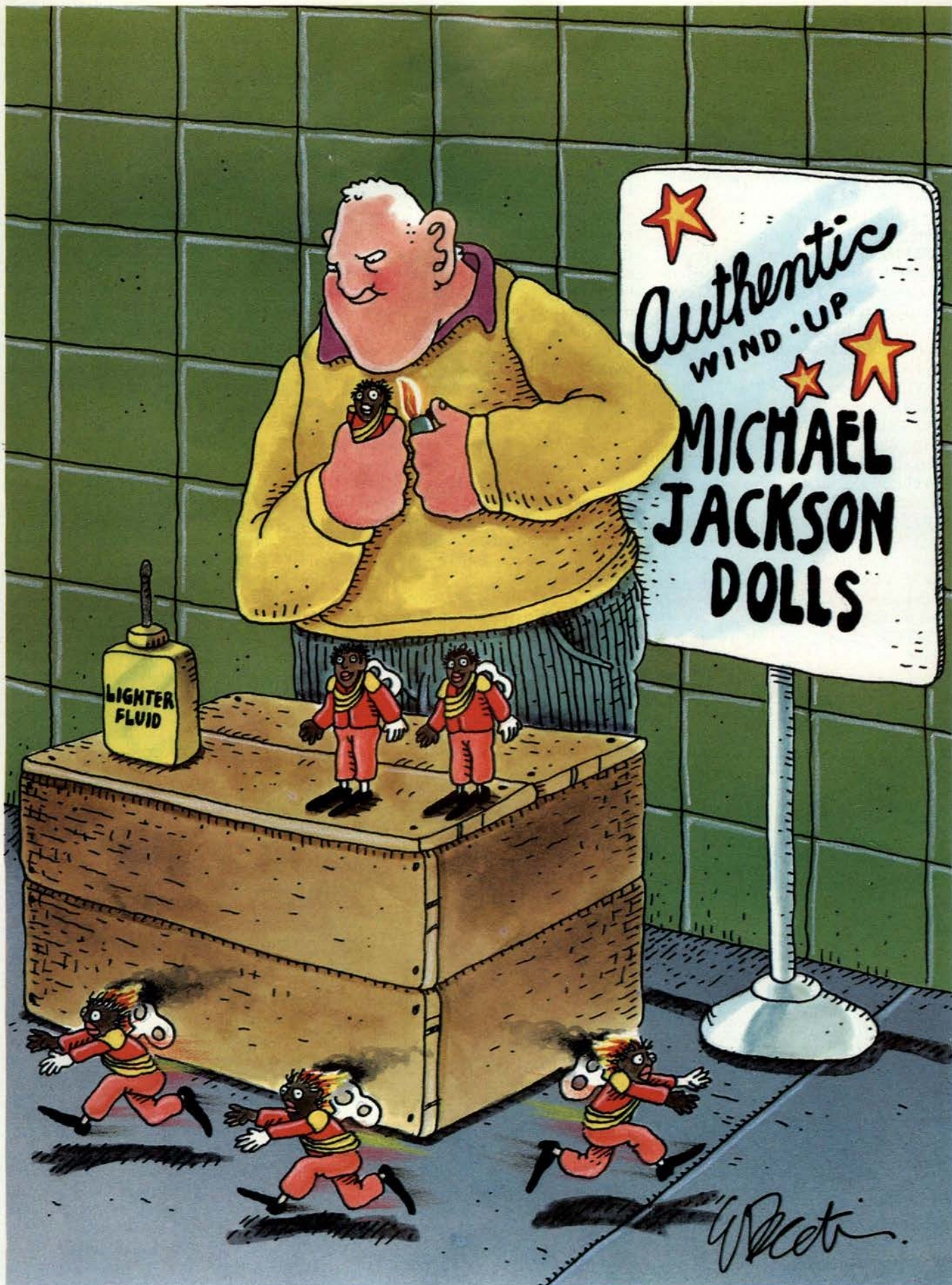
**MARLENE:** No. People say there's no way you can make it on the street without a pimp, but that's absolutely untrue. I've proved it again and again.

**HUSTLER:** How do you avoid it?

**MARLENE:** By always changing my pat-



"Get the nuns . . . they're worth 5,000 points!"



## SKIN TRADE (continued from page 34)

*"I'd have to kiss a lot of ass and put up with a lot of shit if I wanted to build up a book of regular customers."*

tern. You move around a lot; you never hit the same spot. You never grab anybody else's space, and you're not visible.

**HUSTLER:** Did you start to loosen up during the four years you worked the street?

**MARLENE:** Yeah. I started to get regular customers—working men who had expense accounts and company cars. They'd be driving back and forth, and I'd start to get picked up by some of the same people. If I got to know them, I'd go to a motel room with them.

**HUSTLER:** Were you still giving head exclusively?

**MARLENE:** No. I'd be willing to fuck, but of course I'd up the money to \$50, which at the time seemed like a lot.

**HUSTLER:** Did any of this affect you emotionally?

**MARLENE:** I'd get depressed, but it wasn't because of "the life." It would be something else—like personal relationships that were crumbling. Actually, if I got depressed, I'd go back to tricking to bring me out of my depression.

**HUSTLER:** Usually it's the other way around.

**MARLENE:** Not with me. To go out on the streets by myself at night and succeed with some strange man made me feel as if I had some kind of control. It was exhilarating; it made me feel strong and attractive, like I could conquer the world. Also, it's scary—you have to be totally alert and clear and on your guard. So the adrenaline's always running through you, and it makes you feel alive.

**HUSTLER:** How'd you come out of the cold and get into outcall?

**MARLENE:** I had a girlfriend who was a hooker, and she turned me on to this gynecologist. I started going to him, and then I noticed there were girls coming into his office through the back door every night. So I knew he was seeing working girls. One day I just told him that I wanted to go into outcall. It turned out he was the gynecologist for every prostitute and madam in town. He gave me the card of a madam, and I called her. She told me to phone on the nights I was available, and she'd start setting me up.

**HUSTLER:** Why did you decide to do outcall instead of incall—working in a whorehouse?

**MARLENE:** When you're doing incall and the trick comes into your house, they're hard to get rid of. Afterward they want to lie around for hours, tell you about their latest divorce. They'll hang out, they'll drink all your booze, and then they'll want you to come back to bed with them an hour later. They're a real pain in the ass.

**HUSTLER:** What about working incall in somebody else's operation?

**MARLENE:** I would have liked to have done that, but I never found one to work in. Actually, there aren't that many whorehouses being run anymore, because of technology and the telephone. Outcall is less expensive—there's no overhead—and less chance of a bust.

**HUSTLER:** Did you notice any difference between the street trick and the kind of trick you started getting in outcall?

**MARLENE:** Right away. I knew I no longer had the freedom to say, "Fuck you—what do you want for 20 bucks?" I realized I would have to kiss a lot of ass and put up with a lot of shit if I really wanted to build up a book of regular customers and earn some money. I knew that ahead of time, and I was scared.

**HUSTLER:** What was your first trick like?

**MARLENE:** The first client—now that I was in outcall, they weren't tricks anymore; they were "clients"—was an old character actor. He was really into bondage. He wanted a dominant lady, and I didn't know how to do that. I'd talked to him on the phone, and he'd asked me to bring some of those clips that you put on clipboards. So I got them and put on some stockings and a garter and a black-leather belt. I met him at a motel. But I had no idea what to do. I just kind of stood around, waiting for cues from him.

**HUSTLER:** Did he give you any?

**MARLENE:** Yeah. He started calling me "mistress" and asking if he could be my slave. So I finally caught on and figured what he wanted was for me to tell him he was a piece of shit. He wanted me to put clips on sensitive parts of his body and hit him with the belt.

**HUSTLER:** Which sensitive areas?

**MARLENE:** Oh, his nipples, his balls, areas of his skin that would really hurt. He wanted me to pull the clips off real quick. Then he wanted me to beat him with his belt—whip him for being a bad boy or whatever. But he warned me: "Don't leave any marks, or my wife will kill me." I started lightly because I was really awkward. He kept telling me to do it harder because he wasn't getting off. I was trying to please him, but I couldn't find the line between harder and not leaving any marks. He finally got off, but he never called me back because I definitely left red marks on him. He probably got his butt kicked when he got home.

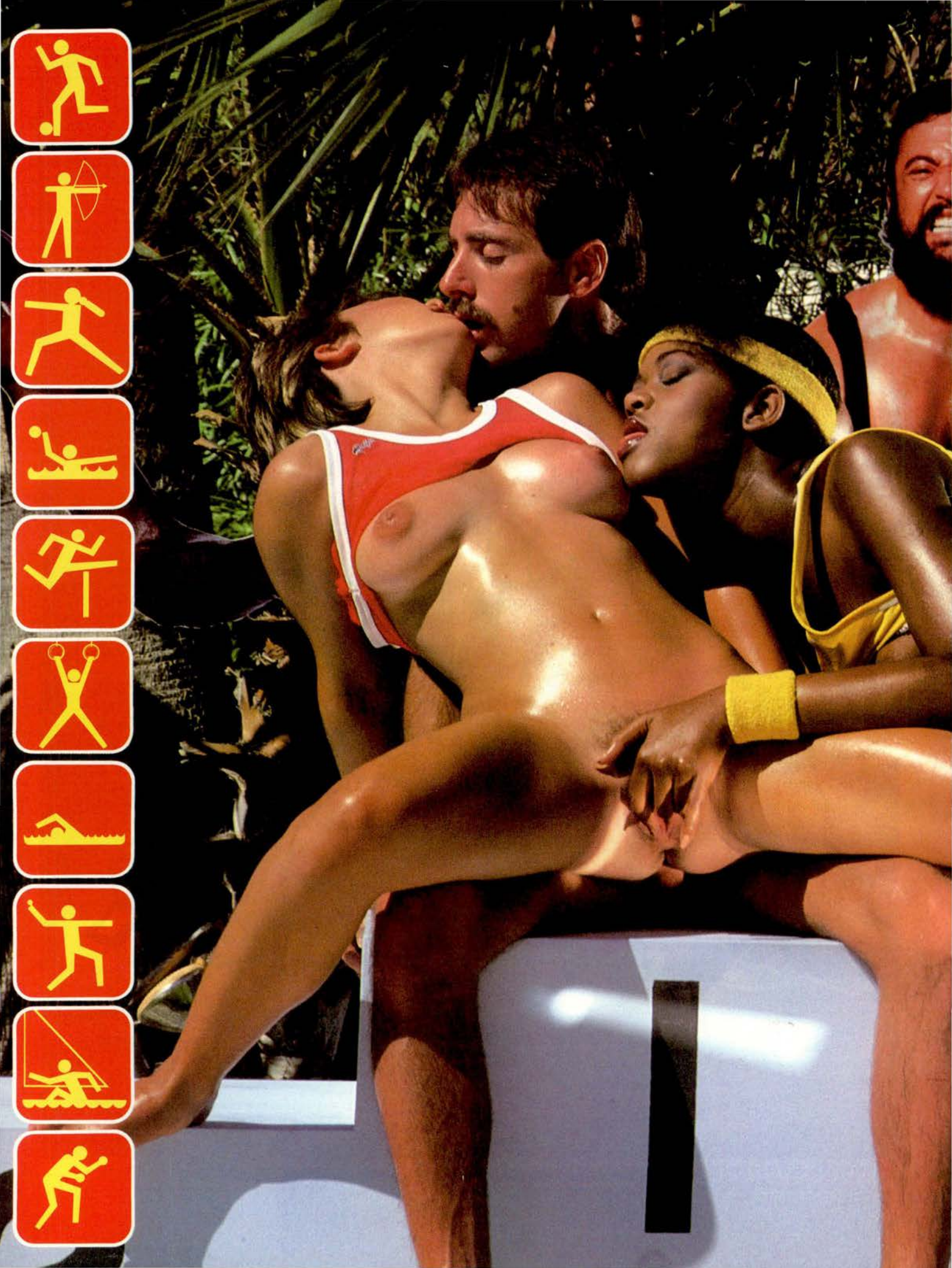
(continued on page 46)

DUANE TINSLEY





"No, he's not break dancing; he's having an epileptic seizure."



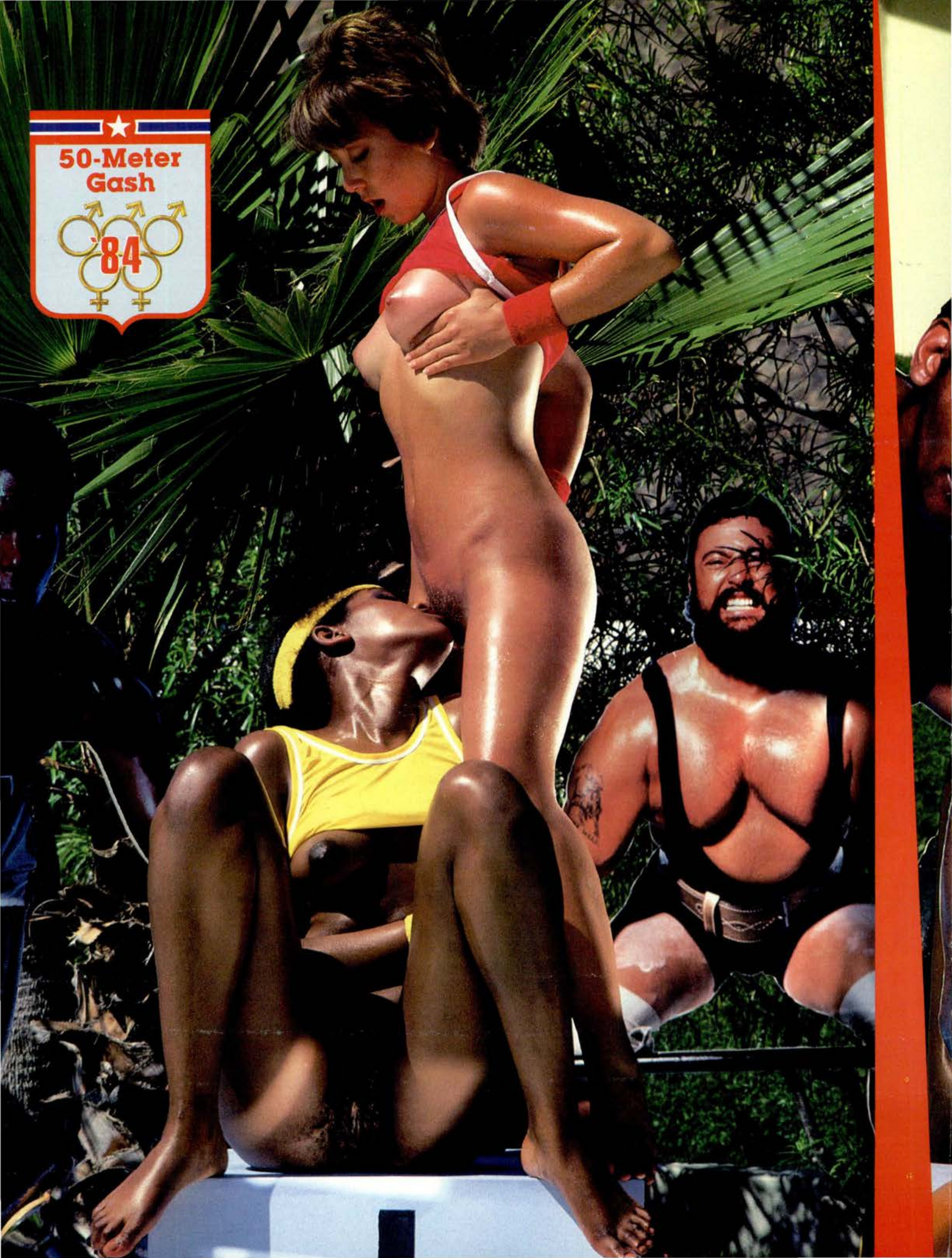


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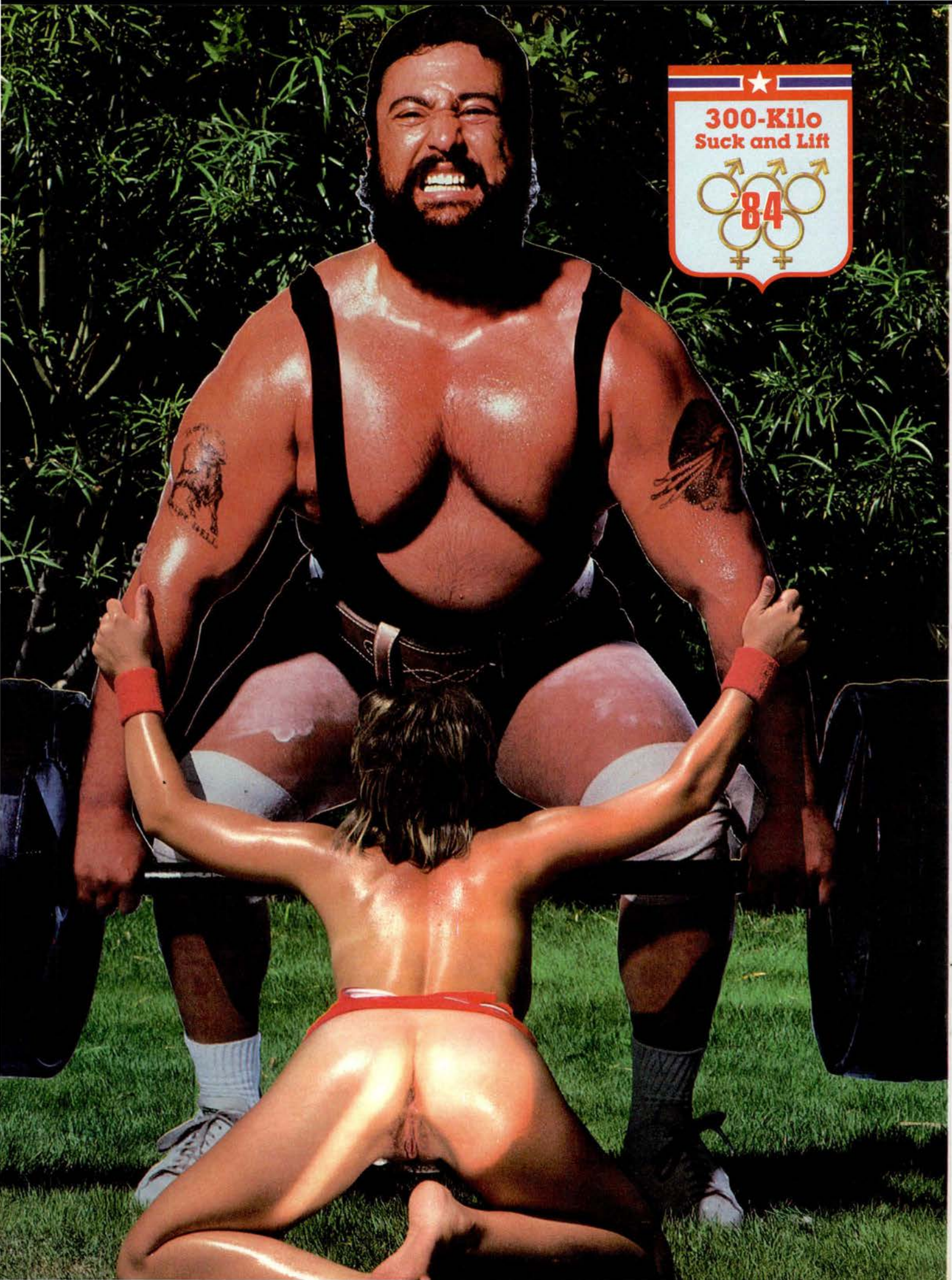
SEX OLYMPICS

*groping for  
the gold*





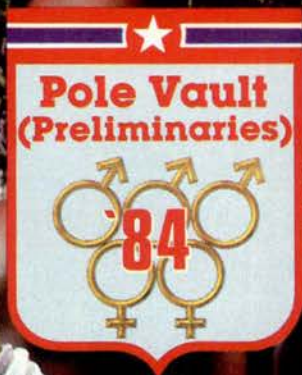
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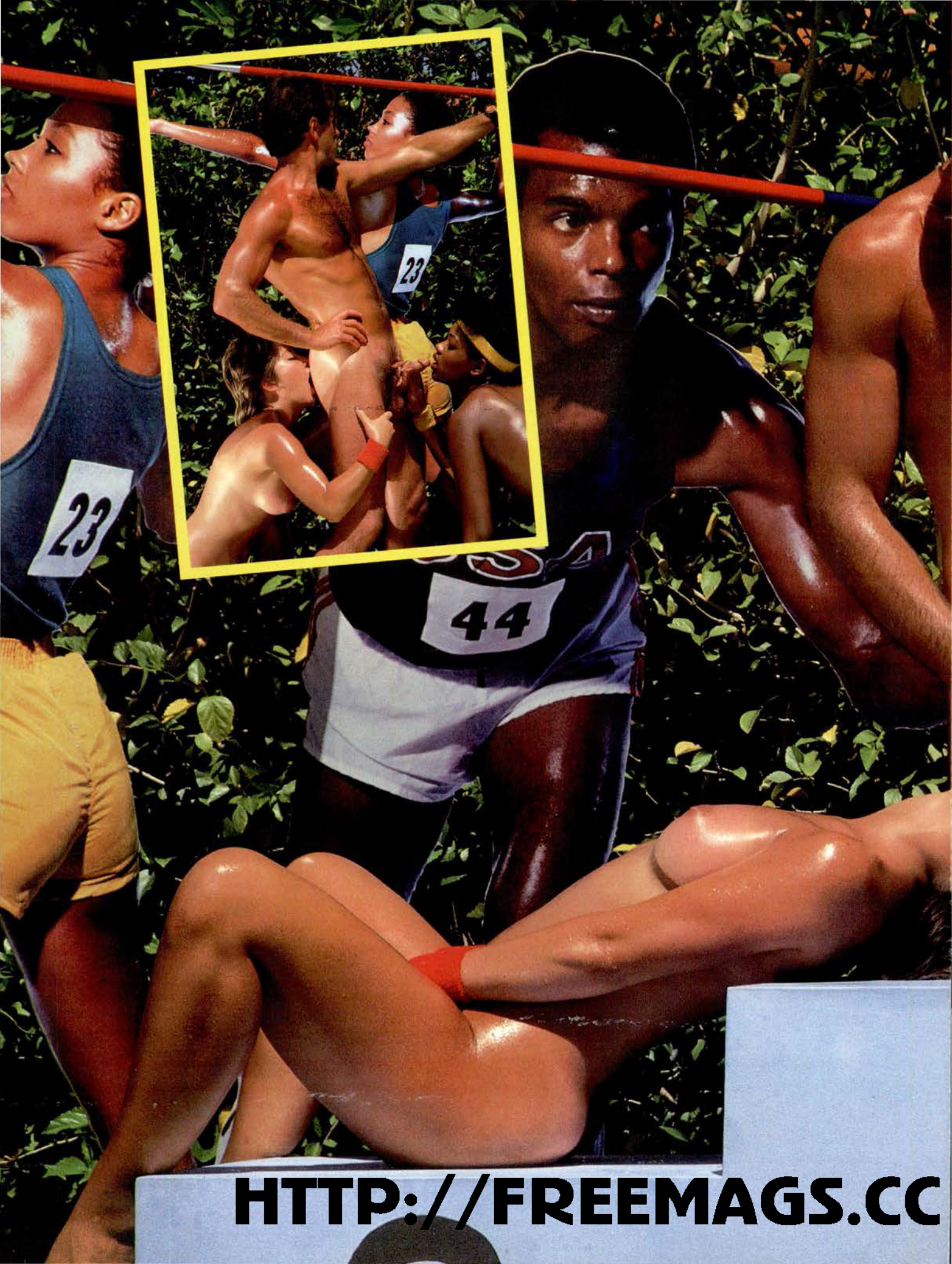
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**300-Kilo**  
**Suck and Lift**

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**84**  
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At the first Olympics in 776 B.C. there were only athletes: no politics, no commercialism—and no clothes. HUSTLER feels that the true spirit of worldwide competition has somehow been lost over the years, and we'd like to see a return to the old values (especially the part about no clothes). So we've come up with our own version of what the Olympic Games should be like, giving a whole different meaning to "coming in first."



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*"I treat my clients very well. I spend a lot of energy psyching myself up, getting in character."*

**HUSTLER:** Obviously, this was very different from working the street.

**MARLENE:** I knew that right off the bat. You have to comply with what these people want. You have to be a chameleon, and you have to have intuition, because they don't want to come right out and ask you for something. You have to be able to pick up the cues.

**HUSTLER:** What are some of the cues?

**MARLENE:** Oh, maybe when I arrive, he'll say, "Have you been a good girl lately?" Or sometimes they want me to be the naughty little schoolgirl. They'll spank me and make me promise that I'll never be bad again. They want to see *drama*. One guy wanted to see real tears before he could get off. He had to see me cry. I didn't want to encourage him to actually hurt me; so I thought of every sad thing I could. But it didn't work—the situation was too distorted, too comical. I ended up *faking* tears.

**HUSTLER:** Do you consider yourself a good actress?

**MARLENE:** Very much so. I pride myself on that because it's tough to take all that shit and still keep a smiling face, keep

them happy and make them feel good regardless of how you feel. The hardest acting job in the world is to look like you're having a really great time with them—even when you're depressed. Nine out of ten clients want me to enjoy it. They want me to get pleasure out of it; they want *me* to come too.

**HUSTLER:** Do you usually get off?

**MARLENE:** Very rarely. Maybe once or twice in the past four years. Even if I feel like having an orgasm, I hold back and fight it. In the back of my mind I don't want to lose control even for a second, and an orgasm lasts *three* seconds. Also, if I came every time, that would be an admission that I liked it, and it would make me a sex maniac. It's real important that I separate myself from my business. If I had orgasms as often as I could, I'm afraid I would lose my identity, lose who I am at home.

**HUSTLER:** Do you enjoy the sex even if you don't come?

**MARLENE:** Actually, I'm very numb during the sex, very cut off. I've mastered the movements and sounds and how to project being sexually ecstatic. But all the

while I'm just thinking and daydreaming.

**HUSTLER:** About what?

**MARLENE:** Like what I'm going to do with the money after I get out the door.

**HUSTLER:** Do you consider yourself a good hooker?

**MARLENE:** Absolutely.

**HUSTLER:** What's the secret?

**MARLENE:** My attitude. I don't think I'm necessarily more beautiful than anyone else. I don't know any more sexual trips or secrets than anyone else. I have a good body, but it's not the American dream of a sexy body. So it's my attitude. I treat my clients very well. I spend a lot of energy psyching myself up, getting in character.

I mean, I'm home watching TV in my flannel pajamas, and the phone rings. I go, "Oh, God." But getting ready, putting on the sexy clothes, the garter—all that helps me switch gears. Then, as I'm driving over, I get into character. By the time I arrive, I feel like I'm really glad to see him, that I like him a lot and that I've been looking forward to it. I have the attitude that there's some good in everyone. Even if the guy's a total slob, I'll find his one good feature and pay attention to that. I just make a commitment to myself that I'm going to have a pleasant time.

**HUSTLER:** What do you do for somebody who can't get it up?

**MARLENE:** A combination of manual and oral sex is probably the best way to arouse clients who have performance anxiety. But that's just the physical part. First I have to spend a lot of time with them, and I have to present myself as completely nonthreatening. I have to let them know it's not important to me that they perform—but without making them think I don't care. It's delicate. I have to spend a lot of time holding them, talking to them and not rushing them. Even if I have another appointment in an hour, I say, "Just relax; I've got plenty of time." They invariably come within an hour, and I get out.

**HUSTLER:** What's your ideal trick?

**MARLENE:** He's got to have the money; he's got to be comfortable paying the fee. Also, I tend to like unattractive men, old men or fat men. They really appreciate me because on their own they could never get a pretty girl. For them it's really a treat, and it shows.

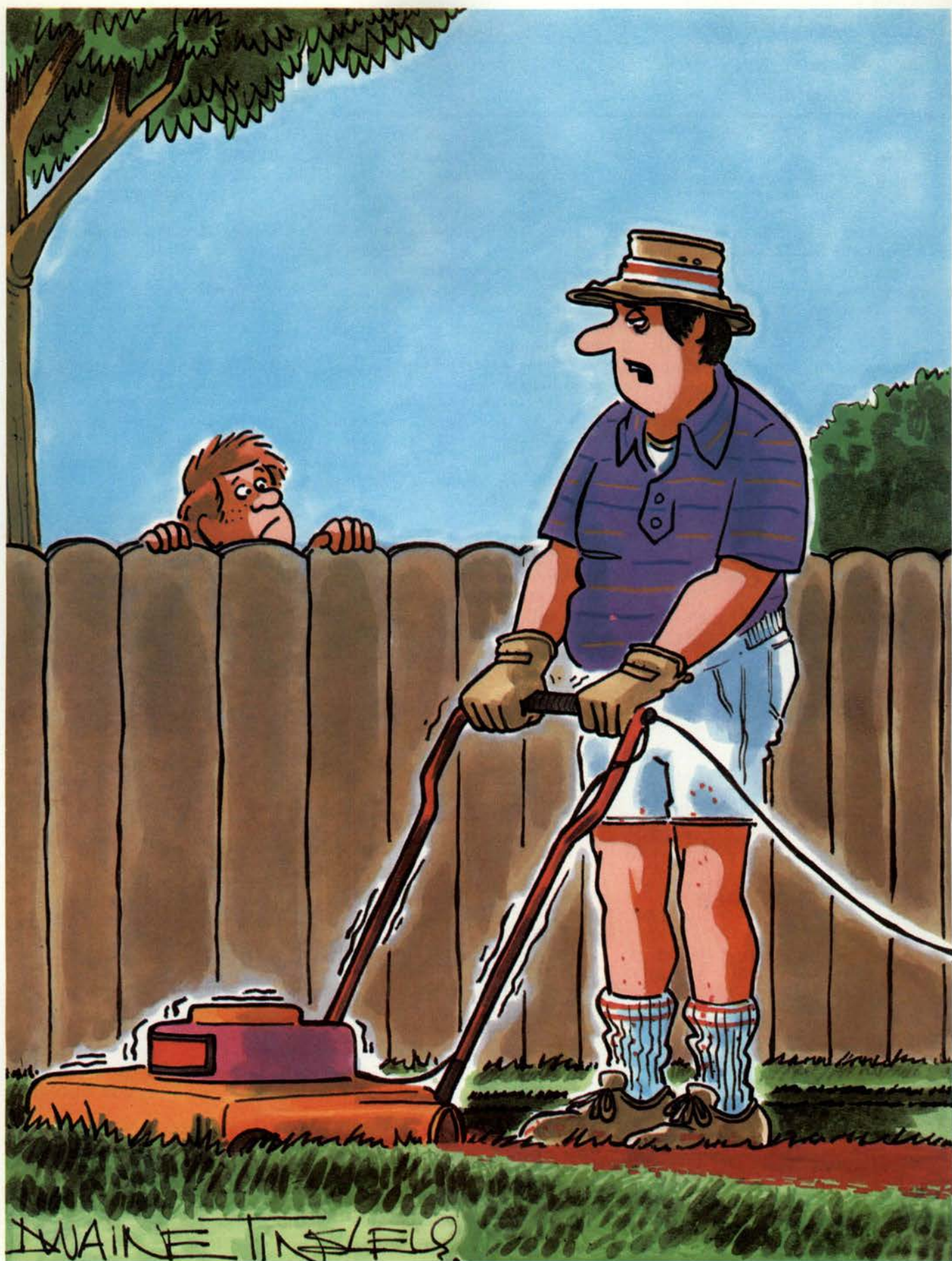
**HUSTLER:** A working girl once told me that her favorite tricks were Japanese, because they come, they bow, and then they're gone.

**MARLENE:** It's true. They're so polite. And if they come too quickly, they apologize profusely because they think I didn't get any pleasure out of it. Of course, I'm always really glad they got off so quick.

**HUSTLER:** Someone else once told me that many tricks tend to be surprisingly



"Hi, Linda, I was just thinking about you."



"Sorry, no, I haven't seen your new puppy, Timmy."

## SKIN TRADE (continued from page 46)

*"I would react very violently to any client's request involving animals or small children."*

attractive. Do you find that true?

**MARLENE:** Yes. A lot of them are. It's not that they couldn't get any if they tried; they just don't have the time to go to singles bars. When I was on the streets, I used to have a real good-looking young guy in a sporty kind of car who picked me up regularly. All he wanted me to do was go down on him and give him an erection but not to finish him off. It was like a gift to his wife. He really loved her, and he couldn't wait to get home and give it to her. What I was doing to him didn't count as far as he was concerned.

**HUSTLER:** Are all the attractive guys like that?

**MARLENE:** No. Some of them are very cold emotionally. They don't want to bother with a relationship. I usually don't trust a guy who is just gorgeous. I'm wondering why they bother paying me when they can get somebody more beautiful for nothing.

**HUSTLER:** What are their motives for using your services?

**MARLENE:** Usually it's an outlet for their special anger. Sometimes they're into power-fucking—trying to bang my

ovaries out and then telling me that they're not enjoying it. It's a way they can hurt me, express their anger.

**HUSTLER:** How do you compare older men and younger men?

**MARLENE:** I prefer not to deal with young guys. They're very demanding sexually, I guess because they're younger and more virile. Also, they're usually less established financially; so they're gonna make sure they get their money's worth. If they're getting me for an hour, I know they're not going to let me out that door a second before the hour's up, even if they just sit there and ignore me.

**HUSTLER:** Are they using you to try to prove something?

**MARLENE:** Oh, yes. A lot of them don't even need the sex. I think it's something to do with their egos. Or maybe they're just bored.

**HUSTLER:** And older men?

**MARLENE:** They're not likely to expect me to stay in bed with them for hours, and they're probably not going to be into gymnastics, fucking in weird positions that are really going to wear me out. That's very important when you're work-

ing with a madam. She doesn't care what you've just gone through. You have to check with her after each date, and if she has someone else, you go straight there. If you're worn out, it's your tough luck.

**HUSTLER:** Does the size of a client's cock mean anything?

**MARLENE:** Yes. The smaller the better. If a man's built really large, it's kind of scary. You get tired and sore, and they can even injure your cervix. Guys who are really small can be a problem too. It's not tight enough; so you have to work longer to get him off. So I guess my preference would be average—not too big and not too small.

**HUSTLER:** Is there anything you won't do—no matter what the price?

**MARLENE:** Anal sex. Anything that's painful for me.

**HUSTLER:** What about S&M?

**MARLENE:** I'll be dominant. I'll tie him up. I'll take it to a certain limit—no blood-letting and no real pain. It's more like a fantasy, more like playing. I've never been approached with anything having to do with animals or small children, and I'd react very violently to that kind of thing. I'm very humanitarian.

**HUSTLER:** How about golden showers?

**MARLENE:** I don't do that. Men have begged me to do golden showers, but I have to set certain standards, or they'll walk all over me. I did sit down and think about it once, and I thought, *If he wants me to urinate in his mouth, is that hurting me? Not really.* But then I thought, *No. The idea nauseates me, and I'm not going to do anything where I walk out feeling sick and not feeling good about myself.*

**HUSTLER:** Do you ever get handicapped clients such as dwarfs or amputees?

**MARLENE:** I did a dwarf once. It was during my street days. This guy picked me up at a 7-Eleven. He was driving a Rolls. I didn't know he was a dwarf, because he had special equipment in the car; so when he was behind the steering wheel, he looked to be normal height. We had some flirtatious glances. Then he jumped out of the car, and he was about three feet tall.

**HUSTLER:** What was your reaction?

**MARLENE:** I thought, *Oh, great! This is one guy I don't have to worry about overpowering me.*

**HUSTLER:** Did he want to do anything bizarre?

**MARLENE:** No, just intercourse—which I wouldn't do. So I ended up giving him head. It was very straight.

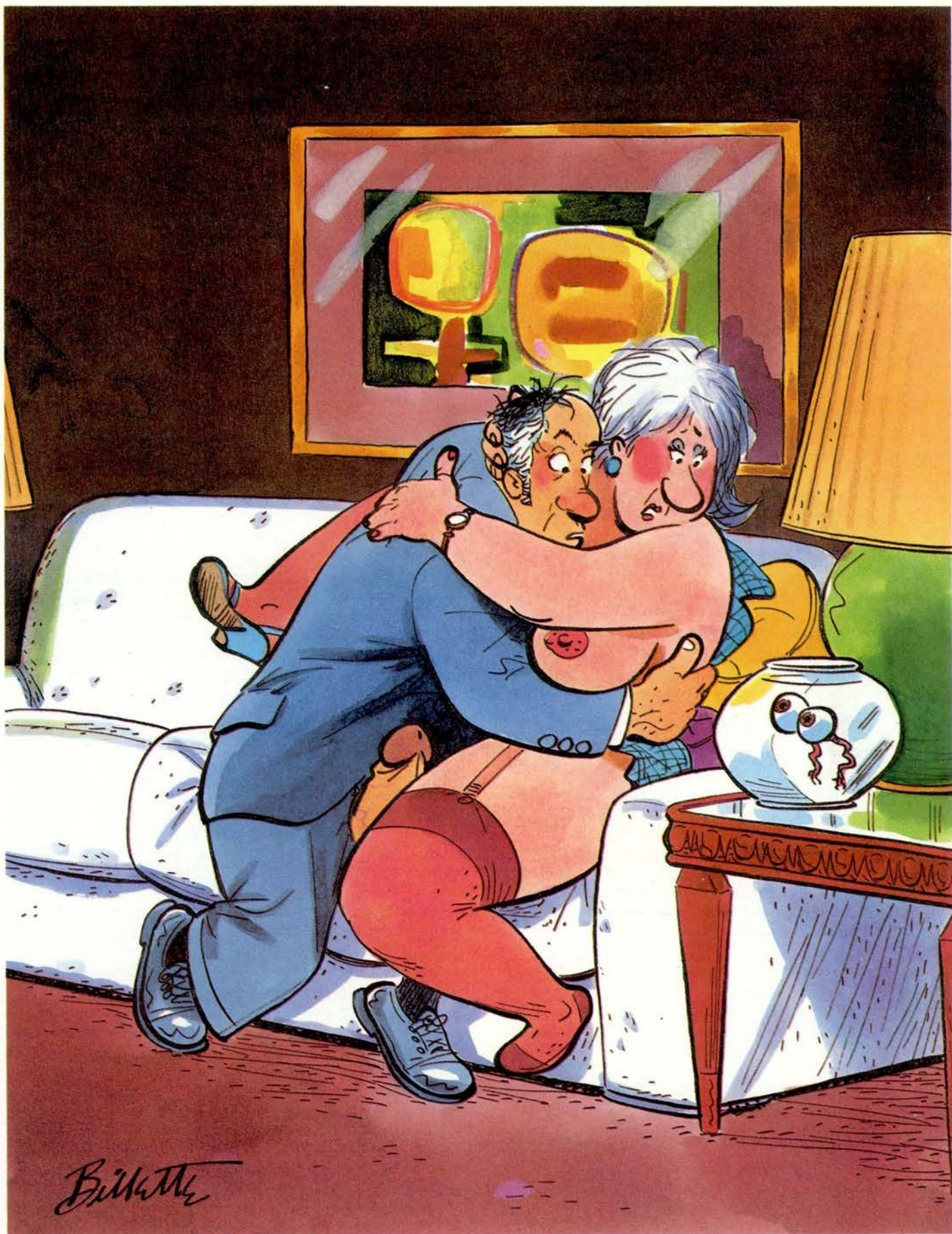
**HUSTLER:** What's the weirdest thing a trick ever wanted you to do?

**MARLENE:** There was this one guy who was into humiliation. He wanted me to put makeup on him and tie a silk scarf around his balls—really tight. Then he

(continued on page 52)



*"I made your pizza just the way you like it—sausage, pepperoni and vaginal cheese."*



"They belonged to my first husband. He was a voyeur."



## The Olympics: Drugs, Payoffs and Political Intrigue

*In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion makers in politics, religion and other segments of contemporary society. This month's Guest Editorial is by Harry Edwards, Ph.D., a former discus thrower who organized the famous Black Power protest at the 1968 Olympics. He is now an associate professor of sociology at the University of California at Berkeley.*

Harry Edwards, Ph.D.

**T**he Olympics: The tradition continues," reads the slogan coined by ABC Television to promote its coverage of the XXIII Olympiad in Los Angeles. No slogan could be more fitting. As usual, developments outside the sports arena have eclipsed the athletic and cultural events that the Games were intended to showcase.

Beginning with the 1952 Helsinki Games—the first in which the Soviet Union entered a team—the attention of the world gradually shifted from performances of individual athletes competing for global recognition to a titanic cold-war struggle between the U.S. and the USSR. In the three decades since then, athletes and Olympic officials of both countries have been reduced to little more than foot soldiers in a propaganda battle waged every four years under the camouflage of an international sports competition. And with each successive Olympiad the blatant political acts have escalated.

Black Power protests and Mexican-student demonstrations before and during the 1968 Games were surpassed in both media drama and impact by the armed attacks on Israeli athletes at the 1972 Munich Games. In 1976, governments and heads of state raised the political ante again when 36 African and Asian nations boycotted the Montreal Games. In 1980 the first superpower withdrawal came when the United States—protesting the Russian invasion of Afghanistan—declined to participate in the Moscow Olympics and encouraged other nations to do likewise.

Meanwhile the increasing belief that Olympic victories provide concrete proof of a country's superiority has intensified the pressure to win medals. This pressure has given rise to greater performance-related drug use among athletes, biased judging by Olympic officials and—because of increasing opportunities for athletes and businesses to cash in on Olympic performances—payoffs to athletes by corporate sponsors.

"We have to face the reality that the Olympics constitute not only an athletic event, but a political event," said Peter V. Ueberroth, president of the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee (LAOOC), even before the Soviet Union and its Communist satellites used the "red herring" of inadequate security to withdraw from the Games.

The Soviet boycott resulted in a tremendous loss of revenue for the already financially strapped organizing committee. ABC's contract to televise the Games contains a clause calling for a \$60-million "downward renegotiation" in financial arrangements with the committee in the event of a

Soviet withdrawal. And millions more stand to be lost to other business interests directly dependent on Olympic delegations and spectator attendance.

But even before the Soviet-led boycott the committee had come under fire from some of those interests in Los Angeles's black and Latino communities. According to these complaints, Ueberroth's group implemented insensitive, racist and exploitive employment and licensing policies.

In exchange for their cooperation in convincing the International Olympics Committee of the suitability of Los Angeles as a Games site, a number of minority leaders have reported being promised by Mayor Tom Bradley in 1979 that at least 20% of all Olympic concessions and licenses for products would be awarded to minority contractors. For whatever reasons, that promise has not been kept.

With the dubious exceptions of Ken Norton's key chains and Moochies seat cushions and pillows, the Games have brought little in the way of financial benefits to the black community. Typical of the "employment opportunities" available to blacks was the position offered to Stan Wright, a former U.S. Olympic track coach who has been officially active in the United States Olympic movement for almost 30 years. Coach Wright was told by an LAOOC official that a volunteer usher's position was available for him—if he wanted it.

"Lack of money" is the most frequent response to inquiries as to why such promises of employment and licensed subcontractor opportunities have not been realized. But some minority leaders are quick to point out that a lack of money has not prevented organizing-committee officials—all of whom are white—from allegedly voting themselves hefty bonuses to be collected at the conclusion of the Los Angeles Games.

In the words of one resident of the overwhelmingly black and Latino area that is the hub of Olympic competitions, "It's as if we're hosting a party; only we're not invited." As a result, minority communities in Los Angeles have assumed a "fortress approach" to the Games. When Olympic participants and spectators travel through these neighborhoods, they had best keep moving—and fast.

Even if there were no issues of Soviet participation or minority alienation, the L.A. Games would still be confronted with extraordinary problems. Almost nobody wanted the 1984 Olympics. The only other city in viable competition as a possible site was Tehran, Iran. Since few people wel-

comed the prospect of the Ayatollah Khomeini as a host, Los Angeles was awarded the Games virtually by default. And their already-clouded future darkened considerably when residents of that West Coast city voted not to provide financial support.

It was then that Ueberroth and the Los Angeles Olympic Organizing Committee came up with their concept of a corporate-sponsored "free enterprise" Olympics. With its budget limited to monies raised through sales of Olympic sponsorships, concessions and other marketable interests, the organizing committee was forced to adopt a "bot-

had not yet begun. Still other athletes were suspected of "competing to lose" in their events so they would not be among the top three finishers automatically tested for drug use. In the European championships that took place just before the Moscow Olympics, five women distance runners tested positive on anabolic-steroid use—among them the top three competitors in the world.

The LAOOC has made provisions to test specifically for some 178 drugs among the hundreds banned for use by Olympic competitors. And to get the job done, the most sophisticated drug-testing machinery in Olympic history has

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## ***The Los Angeles Games will be the most commercialized in history. Everything that could be sold has been sold in return for using the Olympics logo in advertising campaigns.***

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tom line" philosophy on every decision surrounding the staging of the Games. Questions such as "How much will it cost?" and "How much income will it produce?" have overridden practically all other considerations.

This situation has made the L.A. Games the most commercialized Olympics in history. Everything that could be sold has been sold—for amounts ranging up to several million dollars—in return for using the Olympics logo in advertising campaigns. Thus, the Olympic image is further tarnished by incessant plugs for Atari (the official coin-operated video games), M&M's and Snickers (the official snack foods), McDonald's (the official fast-service restaurant), 7-Eleven (the official convenience store) and Perrier (the official mineral water).

Budgetary considerations have also compelled the use of existing facilities as Olympic sites, spreading out events associated with the Games over three states. The majority of the competitions will take place in five Southern California counties stretching over an area 190 miles long and 40 miles wide, at 19 locations connected by 705 miles of the most congested freeways in the United States.

Aside from logistical difficulties, these arrangements have resulted in monumental security problems—not only because of the size of the area to be secured, but also due to coordination snafus and jurisdictional disputes among 17,000 local, state and federal law-enforcement officers and military personnel. In one poll 63% of the public reported that they "expect an increase in crime in Los Angeles during the Olympics."

But the greatest threat to the integrity and conduct of the Games may well come from competing athletes themselves. Since 1952, under the heady influence of nationalism and in pursuit of personal glory and financial interests, amateur athletes throughout the world have increasingly resorted to using what they believe to be performance-enhancing drugs. While estimates vary as to the extent of illegal performance-related drug use among international sports competitors, substantial evidence indicates that a widespread problem exists.

Probably the most widely abused drugs are anabolic steroids, chemical compounds containing male hormones that build muscle bulk and strength when injected or taken orally in pill form. In August 1983, after strict testing exposed over a dozen drug-taking competitors in the Pan American Games in Caracas, Venezuela, there was an embarrassingly extensive exodus of athletes whose events

been developed and installed. "If the human palate were as sensitive to flavors as this drug-testing machinery is to banned substances, we would be able to taste a pinch of sugar dissolved in an Olympic-size swimming pool," one official commented.

But even this may be insufficient to guarantee honest competitions. With each successive Olympiad there have been rumors of new, exotic and bizarre drug-use techniques among athletes in search of the winning edge. This year most speculation revolves around "blood doping"—a technique whereby an athlete's own blood is drawn in small doses over time, frozen, then thawed out and reinjected six to ten days before the competition in order to boost the count of oxygen-carrying cells and thereby improve performance.


There is also talk of a pituitary substance derived from human corpses that allegedly enhances muscle size and strength and is supposedly being used by some athletes in place of the more easily detected anabolic steroids.

At this point one can only wonder what will happen if strict drug testing at the L.A. Olympics produces results and responses similar to those that occurred at the Caracas Pan American Games. Will the International Olympic Committee quietly halt drug testing in order to prevent a mass exit? Or will the decision be to press on with the testing in order to reestablish at least the integrity of a faltering Olympic movement?

What will it take to salvage the Games? The LAOOC's Peter Ueberroth said it himself: "We have a chance to pull off something great here: a *modern miracle*." And it may indeed take a miracle to prevent the L.A. Games from degenerating into a nightmarish chaos of Olympian proportions.

But given the ongoing tradition of escalating challenges facing the Games, an issue of much broader and foreboding consequence to the Olympic movement could well be at stake in Los Angeles. Could it be that the Olympic Games as a 19-century institution has finally been outpaced and overrun by the course and complexity of 20th-century political events? Between July 28 and August 12 we could witness not only the success or failure of the free-enterprise Games, but potentially explosive developments that will significantly determine the future and the very survival of the Olympics themselves.

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*Readers who wish to comment on Harry Edwards's Guest Editorial are encouraged to address HUSTLER's Feedback section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054).* 

## SKIN TRADE (continued from page 48)

*"I go through phases. Some months I'm just a dynamo. I work my butt off—literally."*

asked me to do anal sex on him with a vibrator or a dildo.

**HUSTLER:** Did you do it?

**MARLENE:** Yes, but I didn't like it. If I had it to do again, I probably wouldn't.

**HUSTLER:** Do you ever do trios?

**MARLENE:** Yeah. Both ways. Most of the time it's a client whose fantasy is to have two women at the same time—whether he wants to watch them do it to each other or have them both take care of him.

**HUSTLER:** Do you work trios with the same girls?

**MARLENE:** There are certain girls I work with regularly because we work well together. Usually I hope the other girl is more attractive so I won't have to work too hard. Once I was doing a trio, and this girl walked in who looked like a **HUSTLER** centerfold. I was so glad to see her.

**HUSTLER:** Aren't you in a very risky business?

**MARLENE:** You bet I am. Clients can be really sneaky: They'll get you into an intimate position with your clothes off, maybe on your knees to do oral sex. Then they'll slap you across the face to indicate that they'd get off on beating you up a lit-

tle. And there are plenty of girls who'll do it. But I've been lucky—I've always been able to stop it.

**HUSTLER:** How?

**MARLENE:** First of all, I stand up to get out of that vulnerable position. I pull myself up to my full height, and I say, "Absolutely not! You will not!" Up to now it's always worked.

**HUSTLER:** How many men do you see in a night or in a week?

**MARLENE:** I go through phases. Some months I'm just a dynamo. I work my butt off—literally.

**HUSTLER:** What does that mean? Five guys a day?

**MARLENE:** No, but it means working more than I'd like to. Ideally I love to be lazy, just see two or three people a week. Then other months I'll get my energy channeled, and I'll set my mind to work every day. If I don't get a date on a certain day, I'll spend all my spare time trying to set them up—calling old numbers. And when the calls come in, I try to push myself to do two or three a day.

**HUSTLER:** Do you have a fee scale for particular kinds of sex?

**MARLENE:** Most of the time it's just a flat fee for a certain amount of time. I get as much as I can out of them for an hour.

**HUSTLER:** What's the lowest you'll go?

**MARLENE:** One hundred dollars. I'll never go lower than that. That's pretty much what everybody is getting. If I won't go down to \$100, they'll get somebody else who will; so I'm forced to.

**HUSTLER:** If there's bargaining involved, when do you do it?

**MARLENE:** Beforehand—on the phone. If I wait until I get there, there's always trouble. You get all prepared and drive over, and all the guy's got is a check. Or he's only got a certain amount of cash, and it's not enough. Also, a lot of men are turned off by the transaction part of it. They want to fantasize that I'm that secretary or bank teller they've always wanted to have. If I start talking money or business when I get there, they get turned off. It's easier to get into the fantasy if that's already squared away.

**HUSTLER:** What's the most money you've ever made in a night?

**MARLENE:** I guess about a grand. It was a bachelor party for a cop who was getting married.

**HUSTLER:** How did you know that he was a cop?

**MARLENE:** I could just feel it. They have that personality: real macho, arrogant, cocky. And they always have that telltale look—the trim mustache and short sideburns. There were three girls at the party, including me. First we drove the man of honor around in a limousine and got him hot in the backseat. Then we took him into the bedroom. It wasn't very long before all the rest of them were in there jumping on us. They wouldn't let us go or relax; so we kept pulling the cop who organized it into the bathroom and renegotiating the deal. Since he was very easy-going about the money, we finally said, "Okay, we're here; we may as well make the most of it." Eventually it turned into a free-for-all. There was room for all three of us on the bed, and as soon as one cop finished, another cop would be right there on top of us. It was incredible—and financially worth it.

**HUSTLER:** Speaking of cops, have you ever been busted?

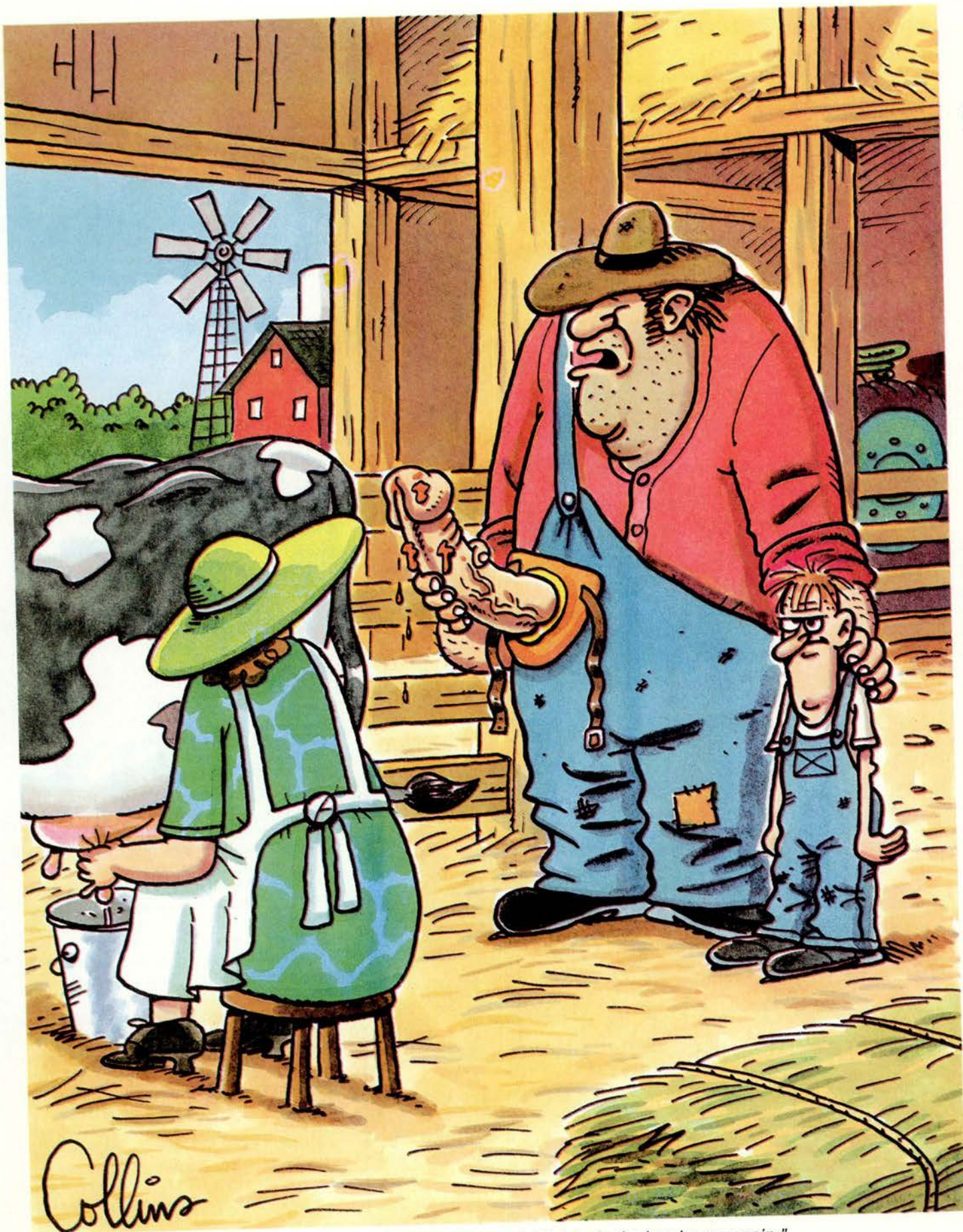
**MARLENE:** Never at the outcall level. We're very hard to catch. And when you've had cops as clients, you know how to spot them.

**HUSTLER:** Have you ever worked conventions or been used as a sweetener in business deals?

**MARLENE:** Often. Last time I was in New York, there was a movie deal going on, and these guys had been locking horns all day—wine and cheese and cocaine, anything to reach a compromise. Finally, out of desperation they called me. I got



*"The others are beginning to seriously question the quality of your faith!"*



"Sorry to bother you, ma'am, but I caught Bubba in the hen house again."

## SKIN TRADE *(continued from page 52)*

*"I'm ten times more conscientious about my body than, say, a receptionist who goes to singles bars after work."*

there and came in through a side door, and they were all real happy to see me. After some preliminaries I got to the guy who was holding out, started whispering in his ear, gave him a couple of kisses on the neck, sat on his lap. It got him excited. Then I slid a pen into his hand and hoped to God it would work, because my reputation was at stake.

**HUSTLER:** Did it work?

**MARLENE:** Yeah. After the deal was closed, we went into a back office and had sex on the couch.

**HUSTLER:** Most men think they run the risk of catching VD from a hooker. Is that true?

**MARLENE:** Not from me. I've never had a venereal disease. Because a callgirl's genitals are her livelihood, I'm ten times more conscientious about my body than, say, a receptionist who goes to singles bars after work. I get regular, routine tests whether I've been exposed or not. And I can personally diagnose myself just by using a mirror and a flashlight.

**HUSTLER:** These claims are going to come as a surprise to most men.

**MARLENE:** Well, hookers have always

been accused of spreading VD, and it might be true of the street girls. Or maybe it was true in the past when we didn't have cures. But today we have to keep that part of us healthy, or we'll starve.

**HUSTLER:** How about drugs? Do you use them as sexual aids or to keep yourself detached?

**MARLENE:** No. For one thing, I was a drug user at one time, and I've tried to shake the habit. If I do take a drug, it'll be something like coke that doesn't make me vulnerable. If a client gives me a Quaalude, I'll hide it and make him think I've taken it. The drug I use most often to numb myself is alcohol, just a couple of drinks at a time.

**HUSTLER:** What's your ideal man—in your personal life as opposed to your working life?

**MARLENE:** I'm sort of drawn to older men, men in their 50s and 60s. I have a relationship now, a very close relationship, with someone that age. I just prefer the company of those people. The most ideal relationship I've ever had is one with a guy who's about my own age. He's living in another country now, but if he

were here, we'd probably get married.  
**HUSTLER:** What does he think about your turning tricks?

**MARLENE:** He's so intelligent and sure of himself that he handles it easily. In fact, he finds it fascinating. He likes the melodrama of the idea. He never encouraged or discouraged me. His attitude is, "If this is what you want to do, fantastic."

**HUSTLER:** How about your older lover? How does he feel about it?

**MARLENE:** Actually, he started out as a client. He's an ideal lover for a callgirl. He gives me strokes and tells me I'm an artist at what I do, builds up my ego. And he's always there at night when I come to his place. I'll get there with cum in my hair and just really wilted, you know, and he'll hold me, or we'll laugh together.

**HUSTLER:** What's sex like for you in your private life?

**MARLENE:** For the first six months I was with my younger boyfriend—the one who's out of the country—the older man and I never had sex. I didn't want it. How that man had so much patience with me, I don't know. When I finally did give in, it was terrible.

**HUSTLER:** Why?

**MARLENE:** Because of my insecurities and fears about men. I was very tense and couldn't relax. It was terrible for him too, and afterward I was resentful and said I didn't want it anyway.

**HUSTLER:** Did it get any better?

**MARLENE:** After a couple of months it completely corrected itself. I just needed time to grow into it. Then it got to a point where it was really great. I'm not as fearful. I'm more together emotionally. And the older I get, it seems to just naturally get better.

**HUSTLER:** Do you get off?

**MARLENE:** I have orgasms maybe half the time; it's never effortless, but I enjoy sex more now. It's fun to pull out my experience and my knowledge for someone I really care about.

**HUSTLER:** What kinds of knowledge?

**MARLENE:** Role playing, touch, being aggressive or passive, masturbating in front of one another. Like that. I'm not inhibited. Nothing embarrasses me.

**HUSTLER:** What about your family and friends? Do they know you're a hooker?

**MARLENE:** My mother and father know.

**HUSTLER:** You told them?

**MARLENE:** Yeah. I decided a year or so ago that I was sick of living a lie. I just wanted to start coming out with it.

**HUSTLER:** How did your parents react?

**MARLENE:** My mother's biggest concern was what the neighbors would think. Now they both sort of ignore it. They can see I'm getting along. My mother will say, "You can't do this forever. When are you going to get a job?" My dad can't under-

*(continued on page 102)*



*We're proud to be part of the  
1984 U.S. Olympic Team.\**



Going for the gold in 1984.

To our Olympic athletes it means going for one inch more . . . one second less. Calling up the strength and skill they've spent years training for. To do it, they're going to need some help.

And they'll be getting that help from steroids.

Because, as an unofficial participant in the 1984 Olympic Games, we'll be helping our team by giving them more stamina and endurance to put more gold on their chests.

But the real competition comes later. That's when our team has to

struggle through those blood and urine tests. Don't worry though. If the Soviet-bloc athletes can figure out a way to mask their drugs, so can we.

Athletes and drugs. That's the kind of team effort we'll need if we want to win.

Steroids. Proud participants in the 1984 Olympic Games.



STERIODS

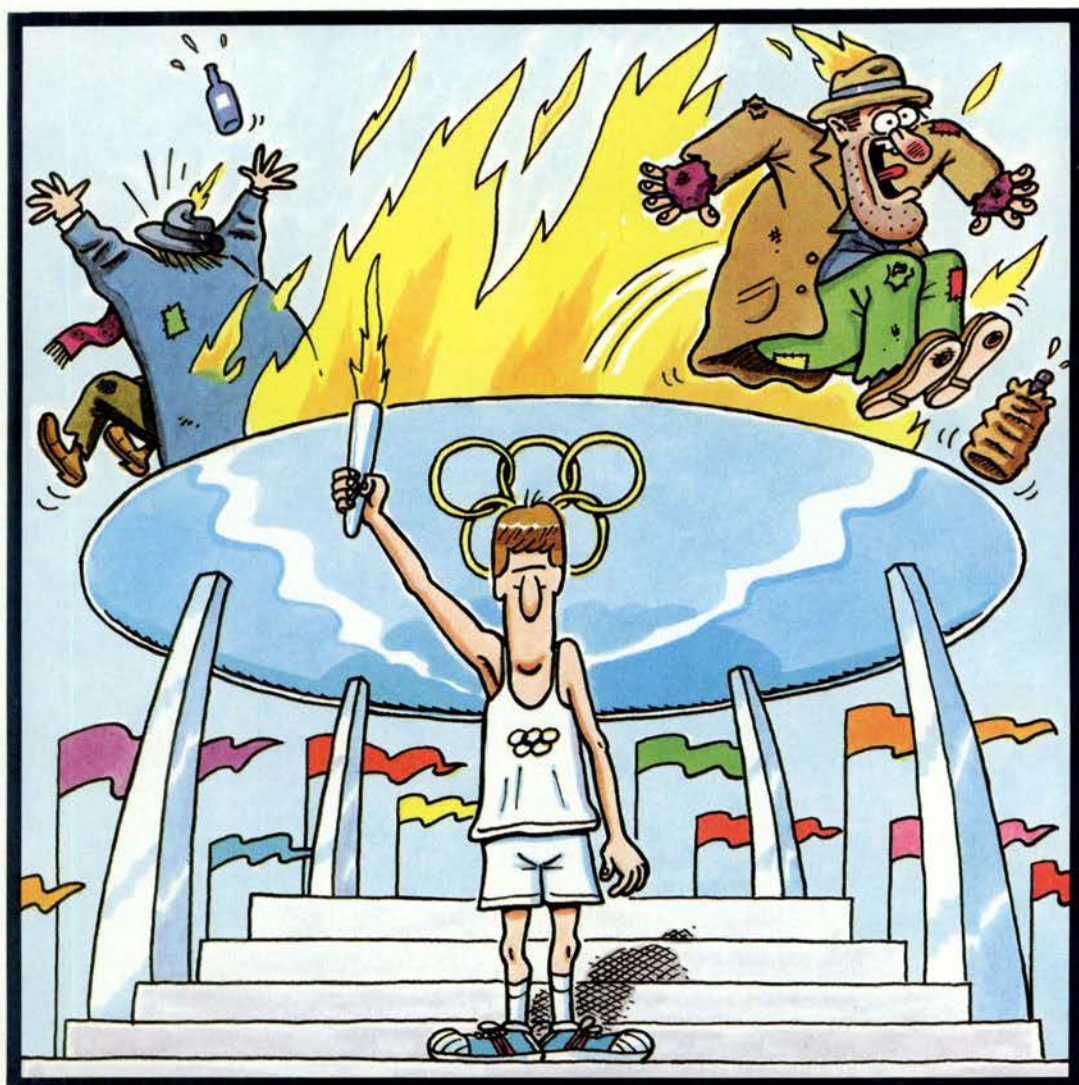


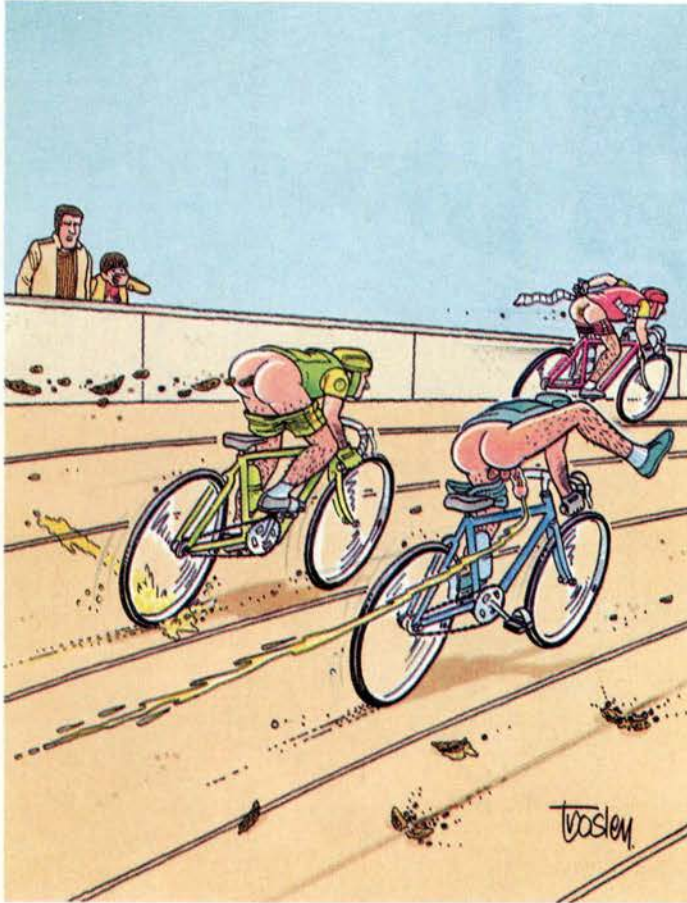
AMERICAN ATHLETES' ONLY HOPE.

\*AD PARODY-NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

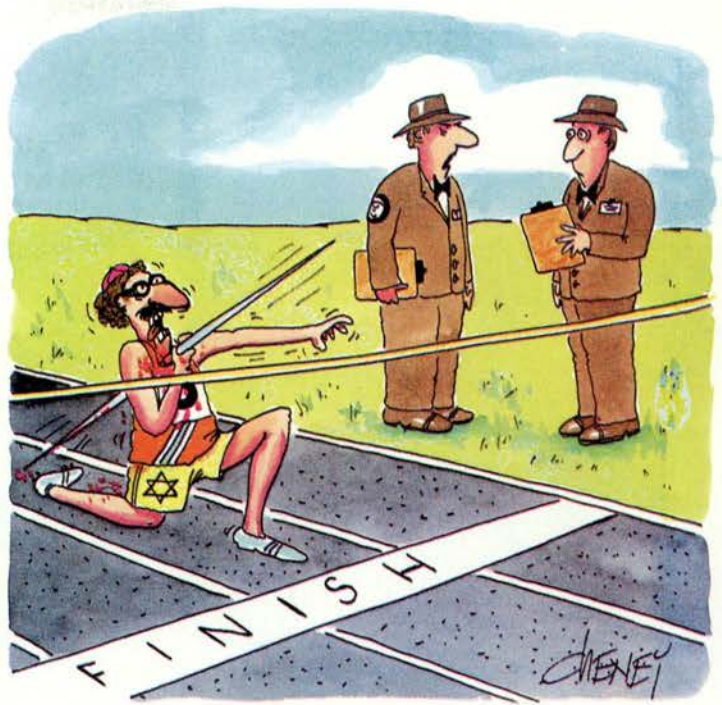
# A BIZARRE LOOK AT THE OLYMPICS

You just *knew* a major sports extravaganza such as the Summer Games couldn't get by the poison pens of our cartoonists . . .



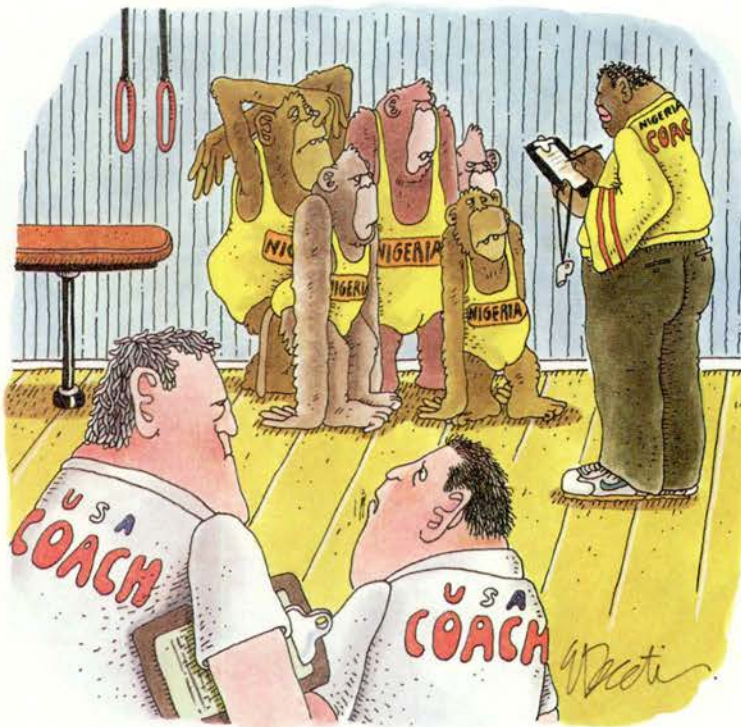


"They're racing against the clock, Billy...  
they can't stop for anything."

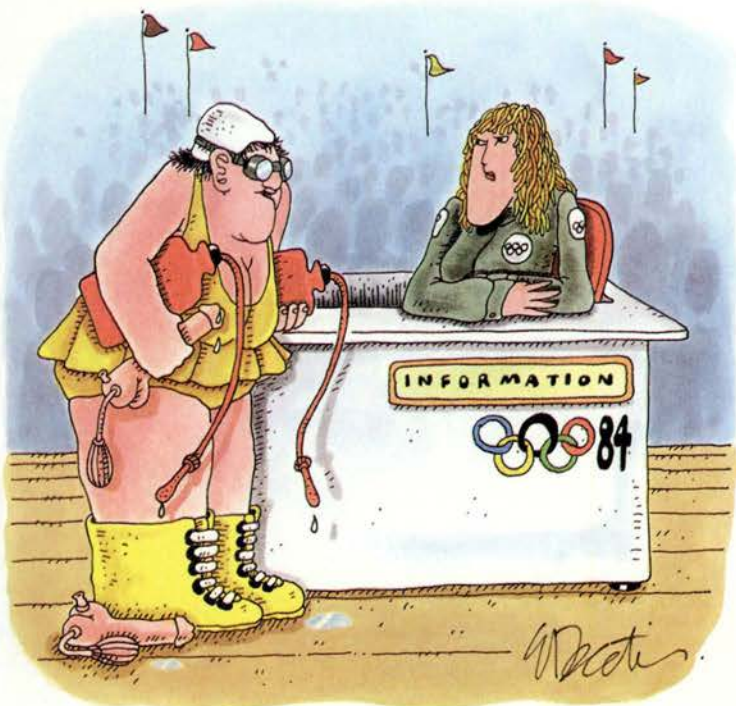


"Go tell that Arab javelin thrower I'd like a word with him."





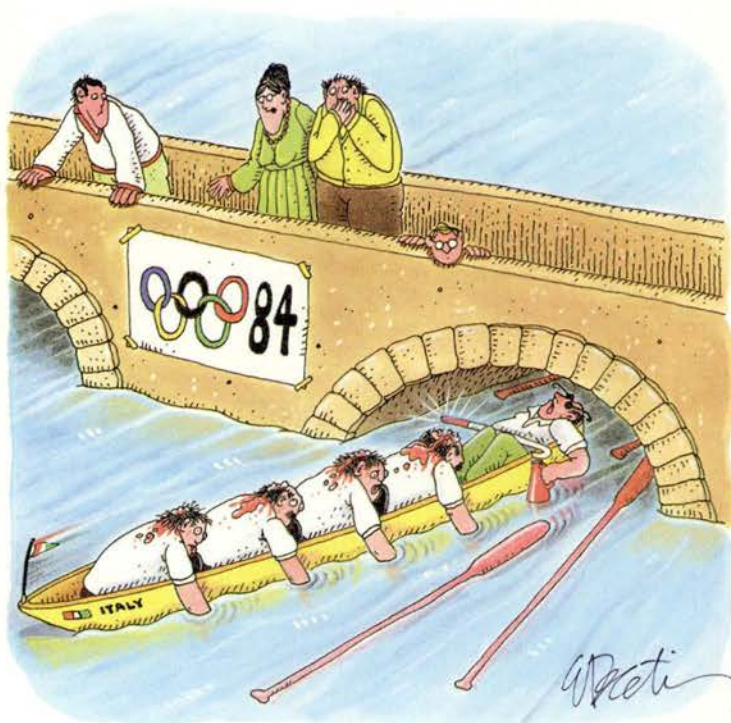
"Well . . . so much for taking the 'gold' in gymnastics!"



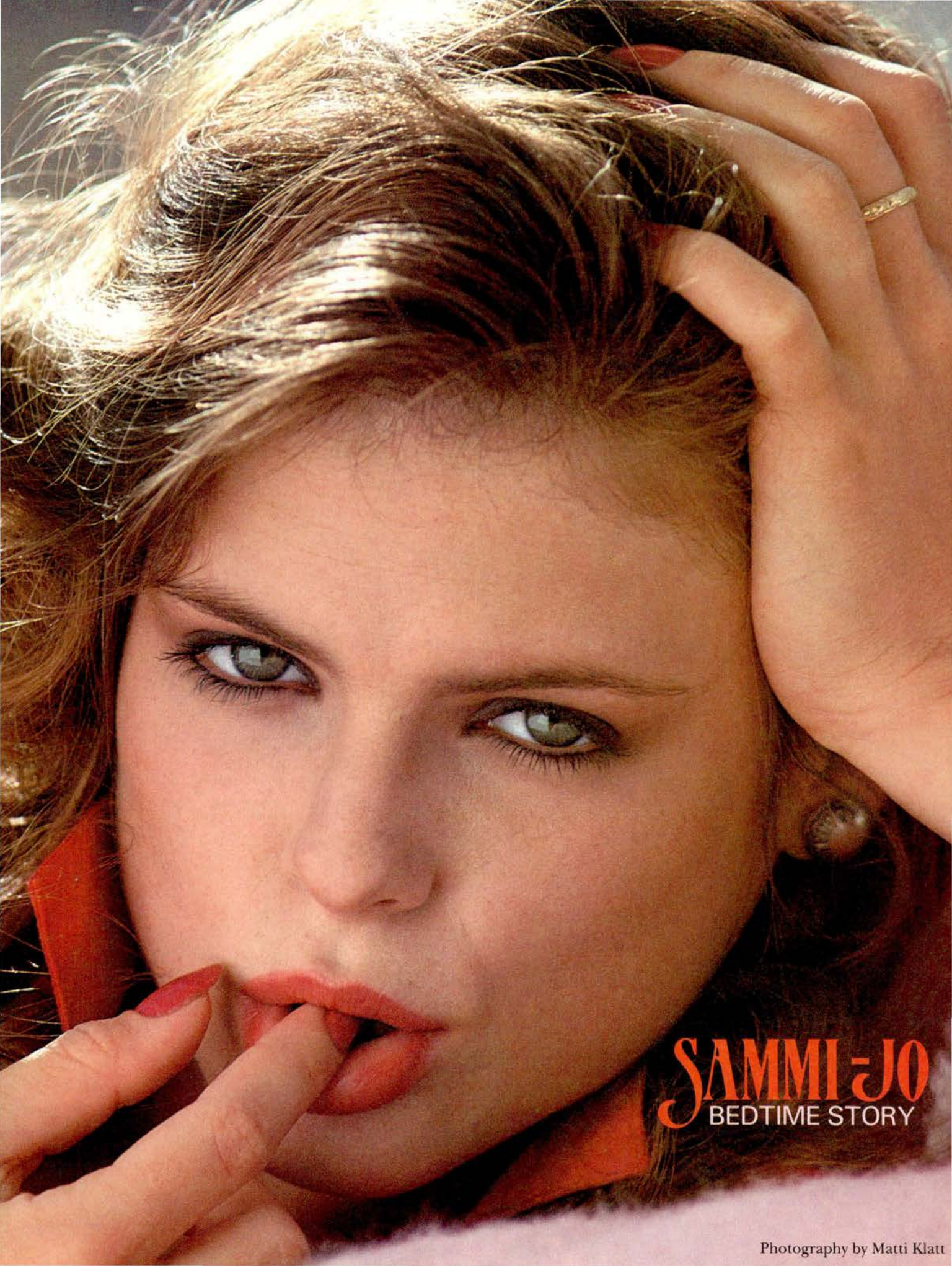
"Which way to the watersports?"



"Aw, fuck it!"





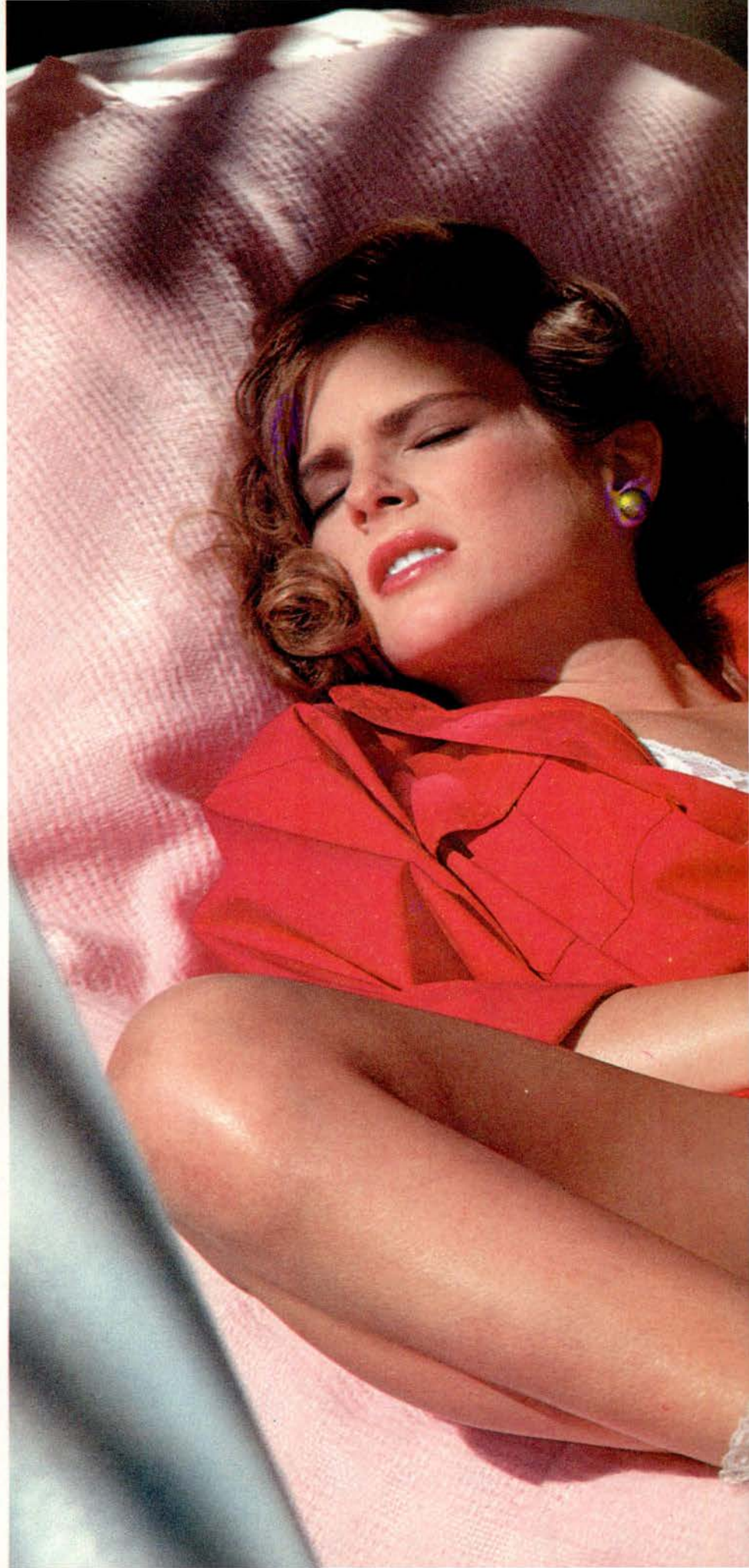



**SAMMI-JO**  
BEDTIME STORY

Photography by Matti Klatt



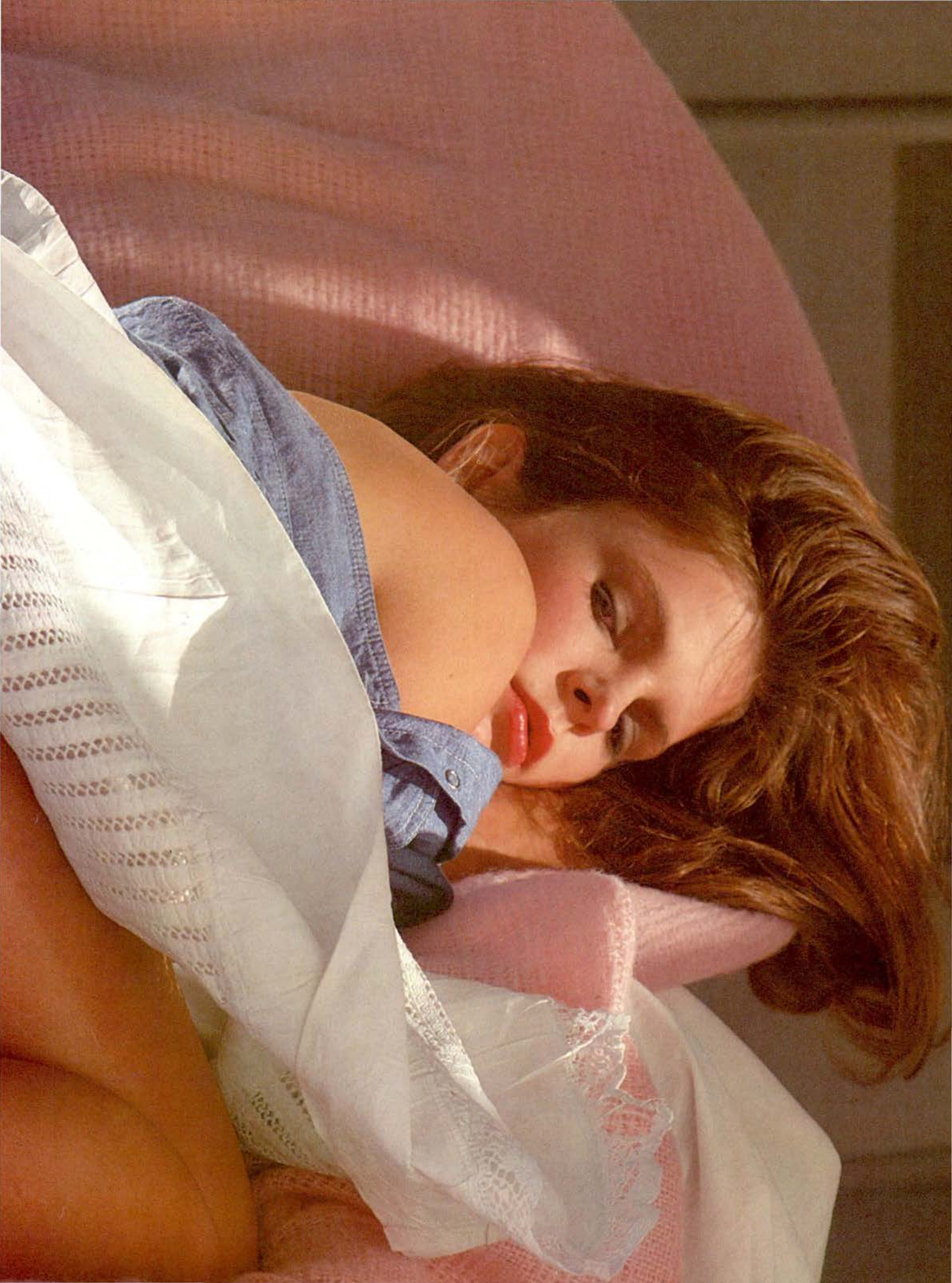




A photograph of a woman lying on her side on a bed. She is wearing a bright red, short-sleeved dress and white knee-high socks with a lace top band. Her legs are bent at the knees, and her hands are resting on her thighs. She has red nail polish and a gold ring on her finger. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting a bedroom setting.

We discovered 22-year-old Sammi-Jo in her hometown of Dayton, Ohio, where she works as a librarian. A beguiling combination of innocence and sensuality, she tells us her favorite part of the job is reading fairy tales to children on Saturday afternoons. "I guess I'm just a kid at heart," she confides. "I still dream of some handsome prince sweeping me off my feet. I'd love to find a man who could touch that childlike part of me deep inside and still be able to satisfy the full-grown woman on the outside." Sammi-Jo smiles mischievously when we ask her to describe her favorite bedtime story. "Actually," she says, blushing, "I have my own personal version of 'Sleeping Beauty.' I'd like to be the princess and have the man of my dreams kiss me awake—on my *other* pair of lips. I guess you won't find *that* in any children's book!"









*Family -  
May be with you  
all your dreams!*



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# HUSTLER HUMOR



The NAACP sent an agent to Alabama to check on the progress of integration in the churches. After a few weeks the agent called headquarters to file his report.

"How are the Catholics doing?" asked his boss.

"Slow but sure," replied the agent. "It took them a while, but they've finally got the right idea."

"And the Methodists?" the boss inquired.

"Slower than the Catholics," answered the agent, "but they seem to be moving ahead now."

"And what about the Baptists?" queried the boss.

"Before I answer that, I need to know something," said the agent. "When they baptize you, how long are they supposed to hold you under?"

**Q**uestion: What do you get when you throw an epileptic into a lettuce patch?

Answer: A seizure salad.

An old man made it shakily through the door of the world-famous Mustang Ranch. The receptionist stared at him in disbelief. "You gotta be in the wrong place!" she exclaimed. "What are you looking for?"

"Ain't this the famous Mustang? Ain't this where 48 girls are always in the mood, ready 'n' able?"

The receptionist was confused. "Ready for what?"

"I wanna get laid," the old man said. "I wanna shoot my wad!"

"How old are you, Pop?" she asked.

"Ninety-two," he replied.

"Ninety-two? Be honest with yourself, Pop. You've already shot your wad."

"Oh," said the old man, a little disconcerted as his trembling fingers reached for his wallet. "How much do I owe you?"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines a *necrophiliac* as: someone who thinks love is just around the coroner.

A man was sitting at a bar next to a very sexy woman. They chatted over a few drinks, and then he moved to the other end of the bar. Confused by the man's actions, the bartender took him another drink and asked why he had moved away from such a beautiful woman.

"We have too much in common," came the reply. "We both like to eat pussy!"

A salesman stopped at a farmhouse one evening and asked about room and board for the night. The farmer told him there were no vacant rooms, but if the salesman wouldn't mind sharing a bed, he could stay.

"I can let you sleep with my daughter," the farmer said, "but you've got to give me your word of honor that you won't bother her." The weary salesman readily agreed.

After a good supper he was taken to his room. He undressed in the dark, slipped into bed and immediately fell into a deep but fitful sleep. At breakfast the following morning he thanked his host and asked for the bill.

"It'll be just \$2, since you had to share the bed," the farmer told him.

"I hope you don't mind my saying so," said the salesman as he pulled out his wallet, "but maybe you should check on your daughter. She didn't move a muscle all night."

"Yes, I know," sighed the farmer. "We're going to bury her today."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines an *Afro pinata* as: a watermelon full of food stamps.

After a very pleasant date the fellow parked his car in front of the girl's apartment house and settled in for a little necking. Becoming more confident, he pulled out his cock and placed her left hand on it. The girl was so shocked at this behavior, she hauled off with her right hand and slapped the guy really hard. Before he could say anything, she jumped out of the car, ran up to her front door, turned and screamed loudly at him, "I've got just two words for you, you asshole. DROP DEAD!"

"Well, I've got two words for you," he shouted back. "LET GO!"

**Q**uestion: What's brown and has holes in it?

Answer: Swiss shit.

A woman went to her doctor complaining of sore breasts. During the consultation she insisted the pain was caused by an unnatural sex practice her husband insisted on performing with her.

"What sort of unnatural practice?" the doctor inquired.

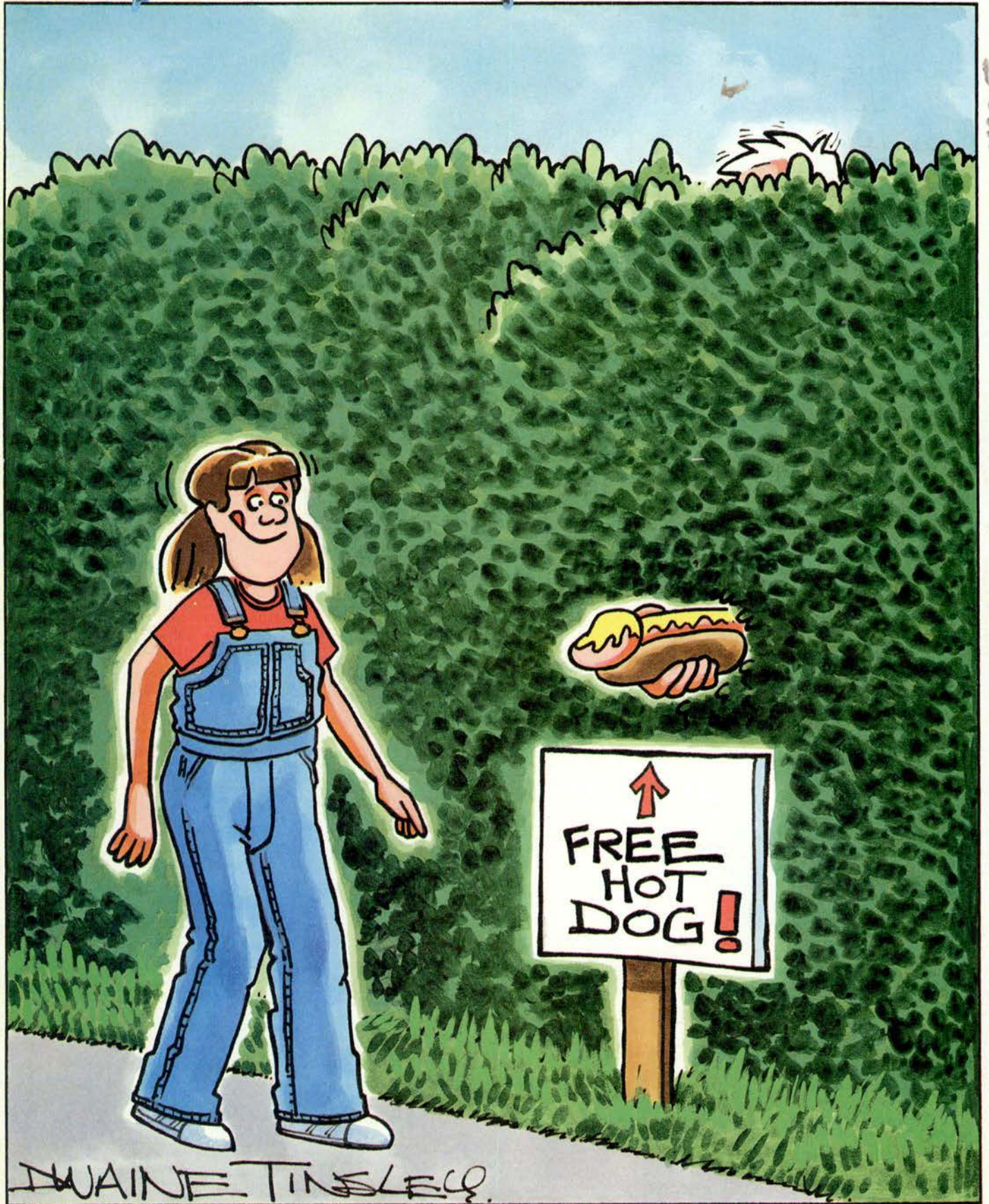
"Well, Doctor, he sleeps with my nipple in his mouth."

"That might be a bit unusual," the doctor said, "but I wouldn't consider it unnatural, and I can't see how it could cause sore breasts."


"Well, I can," the woman insisted. "We sleep in separate beds!"

*HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" x 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.*

# Chester the MOLEster







# THE NIGHT *I NEARLY STARTED* WORLD WAR III

**Exposé by Clair Tomlinson**

Haunted by his nightmarish experience, a former missile-silo technician has broken strict Air Force security to provide this electrifying HUSTLER exclusive.

**L**ate last year columnist Jack Anderson made headlines by charging that a ten-megaton thermonuclear warhead had almost been launched by mistake during a test at a Titan base in Kansas. The Air Force—predictably—responded by denying the allegations as “completely false.” Five months later, however, former CIA Director William Colby admitted that the Pentagon has in fact “received false alarms of nuclear attack from our highly computerized warning systems more than 100 times.”

Details remain cloaked in secrecy, but *HUSTLER* has obtained absolute confirmation of just such a near-catastrophe—an authentic first-person account of exactly how, where and when it happened. Clair Tomlinson, the author of this article, was not only a witness, but also a protagonist in this incredible true-life drama. It took place one night in the spring of 1964, when he was serving as Air Force Crewman First Class with the 571st Strategic Missile Squadron at one of the 18 top-secret Titan sites near Tucson, Arizona.

Haunted ever since by deeply disturbing memories of that fateful night, Tomlinson drifted from job to job, lost his wife, home and savings—and decided only after years of soul-searching to break security by telling this harrowing true tale for the first time exclusively in these pages.

\* \* \*

It was 3 a.m. We were on Alert at one of the Titan II missile sites scattered out in

the desert around Tucson, Arizona. Down on Level 2 of the Launch Control Center we were baby-sitting “the Bomb”—a ten-megaton thermonuclear warhead mounted on top of a ten-story-tall ICBM.

Each four-man crew pulled two or three 24-hour Alerts a week. They were dull, boring, giant pains in the ass during which we were responsible for two things: We had to keep the tons of electronics and on-site machinery in perfect working order, and we had to be prepared to launch the missile if so ordered. Thank God, we had never received that order, for it would mean that America had gone to war—almost certainly for the last time.

I was monitoring the missile-support systems—guidance, fuel, electronics, air conditioning, hydraulics, pneumatics, fire and toxic-vapor indicators, all displayed on dozens of panel lights and dials mounted over the Control Console.

Level 2 was called the “No Lone Zone” because it was the brain of the weapons system and the location of the Launch Button. For that reason no one could ever be left alone there at any time. This was to make it impossible for any one person to launch the missile on his own without official military authorization.

As usual, the air conditioning was not working; so I was sitting there in my underwear, sweating profusely, bleary-eyed after 18 mind-numbing hours of watch-

ing the dials and listening to the electronic drone of the control-center support gear and the missile-guidance computer. The Commander and Sergeant, a Ballistics Missile Analyst Technician, were upstairs on their well-deserved sleep shift. The Deputy Commander sat slumped forward in the Command Chair, sound asleep with his head on his hands at the Control Console, his Launch Key on a chain around his neck. Looking somewhat ridiculous with a pistol strapped on over his boxer shorts, he was completely exhausted from the wear and tear of Alert after Alert with never enough time to rest in between.

The Deputy was breaking the “No Sleeping on Level 2 Rule,” but that’s the first part of my confession: Nuclear-missile crews break the rules. They do it all the time. We *all* slept on Level 2. We did it every chance we got—while the missile stood ready in its underground cement silo, 275 feet away behind two sets of 7,000-pound steel blast doors.

I was just about to drift off to sleep myself when the weird, high-pitched warble of the Emergency War Order signal began sounding its shrill warning. I bolted up out of my chair, cursing the damn thing for waking me up. The signal always meant a Practice Launch message, designed to test us on our reaction time and performance efficiency.

Then came a hollow voice over my earphones: “Mole Hole, Mole Hole. This is Mother SAC [Strategic Air Command], Mother SAC with a Blue Dash 1. I repeat, Mole Hole, Mole Hole. This is Mother SAC with a Blue Dash 1. Blue Dash 1. I repeat, Blue Dash 1. . . .”

Blue Dash 1 was no practice code. It wasn’t one of the endless exercises Base Command was always throwing at missile crews in the middle of the fucking night to keep us on our toes. A Blue Dash 1 was a *real* Emergency War Order! The only time they had ever sent a Blue Dash 1 before, as far as I knew, was on a standby basis the year before, when President Kennedy was assassinated.

I yelled at the Deputy Commander, who was raising his head up off the Launch Console, eyes wide from the rude awakening of the screeching warning signal. “Wake up! We’ve got a Blue Dash 1 coming in!”

He blinked his eyes, reaching for the top-secret code book. “Roger, I hear it. I wasn’t asleep. I was just resting my eyes. Wait a minute, did you say a *Blue Dash 1*?”

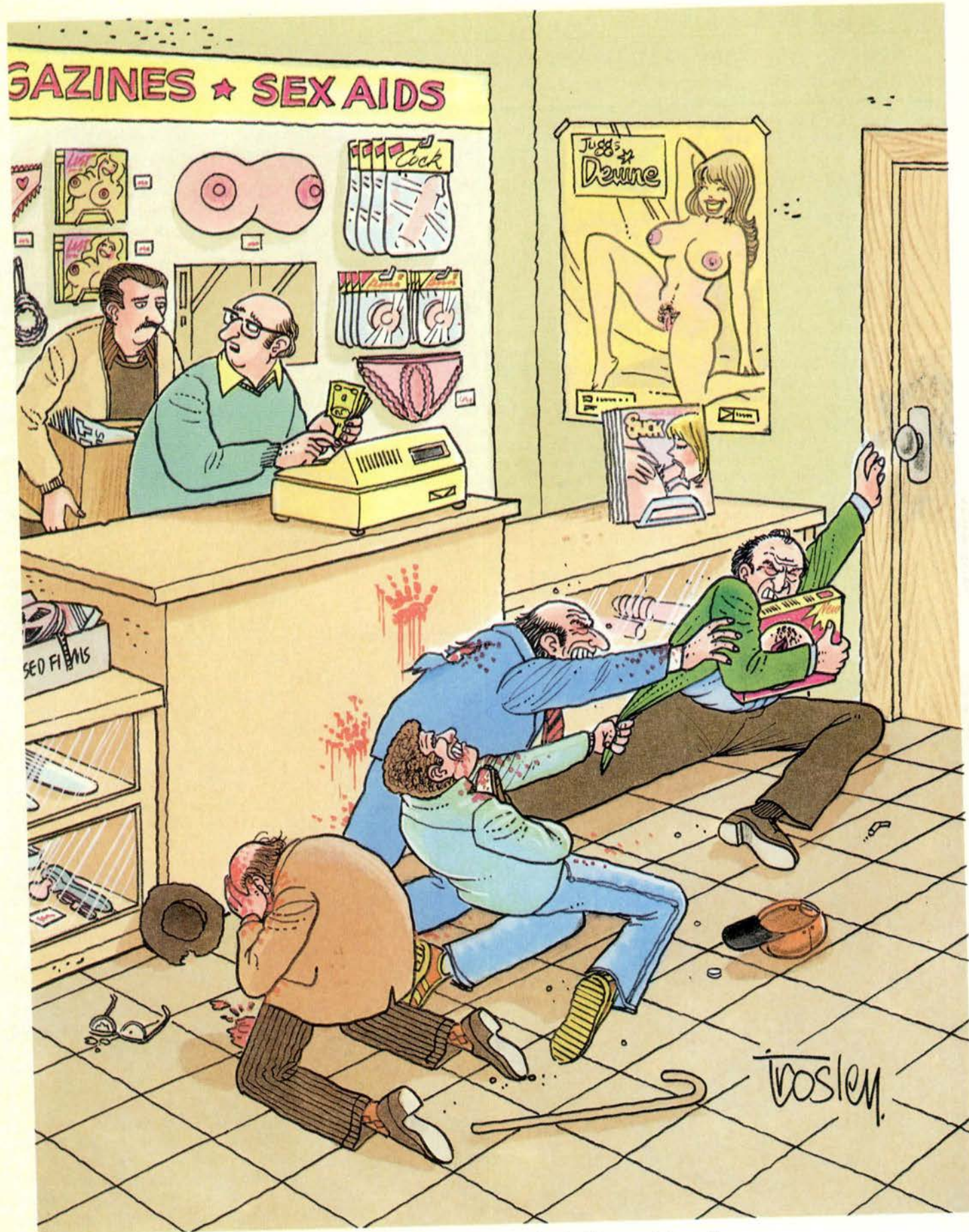
“Yeah!” I shouted.

He grabbed his headset and put it on.

We both picked up our grease pencils and began copying: “MESSAGE IS . . . ALPHA . . . FOXTROT . . . CHARLIE . . . ZULU . . . TANGO . . . VICTOR . . . KILO . . . LIMA . . . BRAVO . . . HOTEL. ALL



“Worst date I’ve ever had . . . it was ‘Slam, piss, thank you, miss.’”



"Just sold the last three-speed pulsating vagina. . . ."

## WORLD WAR III *(continued from page 76)*

*Nobody in his right mind would ever launch one of those ten-story fuckers.*

CREWS ACKNOWLEDGE RECEIPT OF MESSAGE ON MY COUNT OF 3. 1... 2... 3."

I reached up and pressed the transparent-plastic Acknowledge Button that sent an instant signal back to SAC Headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska. After decoding and authenticating, the Deputy and I exchanged code books to cross-check each other. We had been through the procedure a thousand times. Find the Blue Dash key-code word identification, turn to the page indicated in the code book, read down the list of numbers and then turn to that page for the message. To our horror, there was no mistake.

"Jesus H. Christ!" I muttered, my head beginning to pound. "This is a Defcon II!" That meant we were just one step away from launching the missile!

I stared at the Deputy in disbelief. He stared back. Then with trembling hands he took a deep breath and said very quietly, "I'm officially informing you that I'm going to Launch Checklist... *now!* Prepare to follow along."

Because we had been told over and over that the Titan II was a "deterrent"

weapon system, we believed that no authentic Launch Standby Order would ever be sent to missile sites except in the event of the Real Thing. In other words, no duty crew could ever receive, decode and authenticate a Launch Standby Order unless a nuclear attack had already been initiated against the United States.

With his finger following along each word in the Checklist, the Deputy began to read aloud from the Emergency War Order like a trained robot: "Step 1. Sound the klaxon and topside siren." His fingers automatically lifted from the Checklist to the klaxon button on the Launch Control Console and pushed it. "Klaxon activated," he said as the overhead warning began blasting out, piercing my one ear that wasn't covered by a headset.

"Check!" I said loudly, doing what I'd been trained to do over and over in Practice Launch after Practice Launch. As the Deputy read, I followed each word in the Checklist and watched every move he made to make sure there wasn't a single mistake. Never were we to deviate one iota from the sacred Checklist.

His finger went back to the Checklist:

"Step 2," he continued resolutely. "Clear all personnel topside from missile site." The Deputy's voice cracked as he announced over the PA system, "Attention, all personnel topside; attention, all personnel topside, this is Control Center. Evacuate the site immediately to a radius of ten miles. I repeat, evacuate the site immediately to a radius of ten miles."

"Check," I responded, feeling foolish. Since the site was miles out in the Arizona desert at a supposedly classified location, nobody was topside except some road-runners and coyotes. But regulations were regulations.

The Deputy then switched back to our intercom headsets and put his finger on the Checklist again. "Step 3," he announced. "Assemble crew to Launch Control Stations."

"Check," I said in a shaky voice as the Deputy switched the sound system back to the loudspeakers.

"EMERGENCY, EMERGENCY—Commander, Level 2 IMMEDIATELY! I repeat, Level 2 IMMEDIATELY!"

The gravity of what was taking place was beginning to sink in. I had been through endless calls to arms many times before in practice drills, in crew-evaluation checks, in operation-readiness inspections by the gods of the Strategic Air Command. But they were always dry runs. We never really believed it was anything but a game. Nobody in his right mind would ever *launch* one of those ten-story fuckers—yet it looked as if that was what was actually about to happen. The nightmare that haunted all of us seemed to be coming true.

I heard the pounding of the Commander's feet as he came bounding down the stairs two at a time. All he wore were his BVDs, his Launch Key (on a chain around his neck), his gun belt and his holster, which carried a .38 special. Like the dedicated soldier he was, he headed right for his Command Chair to assume full charge of the situation. "What's going on?!" he was shouting over the klaxon. "What the hell happened?!"

The Deputy was standing at the Launch Control Console with his finger on the next step of the Checklist. "We got a real Blue Dash 1, and we are on Step 4 of the Checklist," he yelled.

"Shut that s.o.b. off!" shouted the Commander. Sitting down in his chair, he reached up, put on his headset and turned the klaxon off himself. The noise level dropped to the normal drone, but silence only intensified the tension.

Standing at my duty station in front of the console, I watched as the Deputy gratefully turned command over to the groggy Commander and sat down in his own chair. We were now all at our

*(continued on page 88)*



*"Dear Diary: The torture continued again today, but I didn't crack!"*

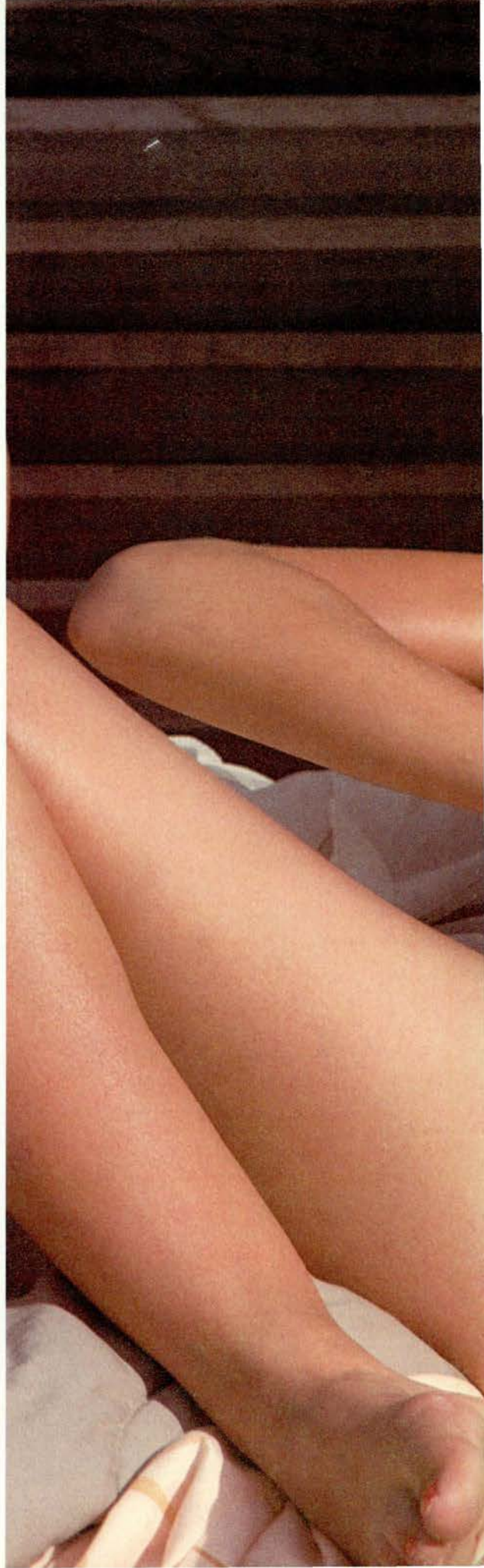


"Doggonit, Jimmy Ray, how many times I gotta tell you to quit scaring Grandma?!"





Photography by James Baes













## WORLD WAR III (continued from page 78)

### *We all froze in terror. This was it! This would be a Red Dash 1: the Launch Order.*

Launch Crew positions, except for the Sergeant, who still hadn't come down from upstairs.

Without waiting another moment, the Commander began to issue orders over the headsets. "Crew . . . check in . . . Commander here," he said.

"Deputy here," the Deputy Commander replied.

"Missile Facilities Technician here," I replied.

The Commander then informed us officially that we had just received a valid Blue Dash 1 and were at Step 4 on the Checklist, at which point he said he was taking over. "Deputy, follow me along on the Checklist. MFT, you monitor."

"Roger, Commander," we answered.

"Step 4. Break seal on Launch Enable Button," the Commander said. As I watched him reach into his console drawer for wire cutters to cut the Launch Seal, I saw the madness in his eyes and realized, *We're going through with this! We're unlocking Pandora's box!*

Panic began to surge through my body as I stood there shaking at what I was witnessing. *This cannot be happening! STOP*

*IT! STOP IT!*, the inside of me was screaming.

I wanted to jump over the console and grab the cutters away from the Commander as if I were disarming a lunatic with a gun, but I knew I'd only be shot by the Deputy. *This has got to be a mistake*, I wanted to yell. Everything had been fine when we came out on Alert. What in the name of God could have gone *wrong* in the world to start a war in the past 18 hours?

Then it happened! Just as the Commander began to cut the seal on the Launch Enable Button, a hysterical voice broke out over the EWO (Emergency War Order) Communications Network. "All missile crews disregard that last message!" the voice screamed. "It's a mistake! Do you hear me?" The message began to repeat, but in the middle of the transmission the sound went dead. The whole crew sat there in disbelief.

At no time was the EWO Communications Network ever to be used for verbal orders. Nothing but top-secret codes came in over this system. When we were all in EWO school, it was drilled into us that the only legitimate authorization for

aborting a Launch Countdown was via coded message direct from Strategic Air Command HQ in Omaha.

We were told that if we ever got an authenticated Launch message and if it was followed by someone ordering us verbally to abort the Launch Procedure, we were to disregard the Abort Order at all costs—because it would be the Russians trying to deceive us. We were informed that the Russians had the electronic know-how to plug into our internal-communications system.

The silence of the EWO Communications Network was the breaking point of my disbelief that this was some kind of joke. I had just heard with my own ears the first outside proof that something horrible had to be happening between the superpowers.

Against all reason I truly believed I had just heard a Russian voice impersonating an American officer. It was really happening. We were going to have to press the Button. Rivers of adrenaline began shooting through me. My chest was pounding.

I had a vision of the next half hour. BOOM! There go my parents in Jefferson, Iowa. Never knew what hit them! BOOM! I saw an American passenger ship going down in the ocean, torpedoed by Russian subs. BOOM! There goes SAC Headquarters. BOOM! By the time the bombs stopped going off, there would be nothing left. *Everything* would be gone. We had six months of food and water down in the Launch Control Center. But even if we did survive, would we want to stay alive?

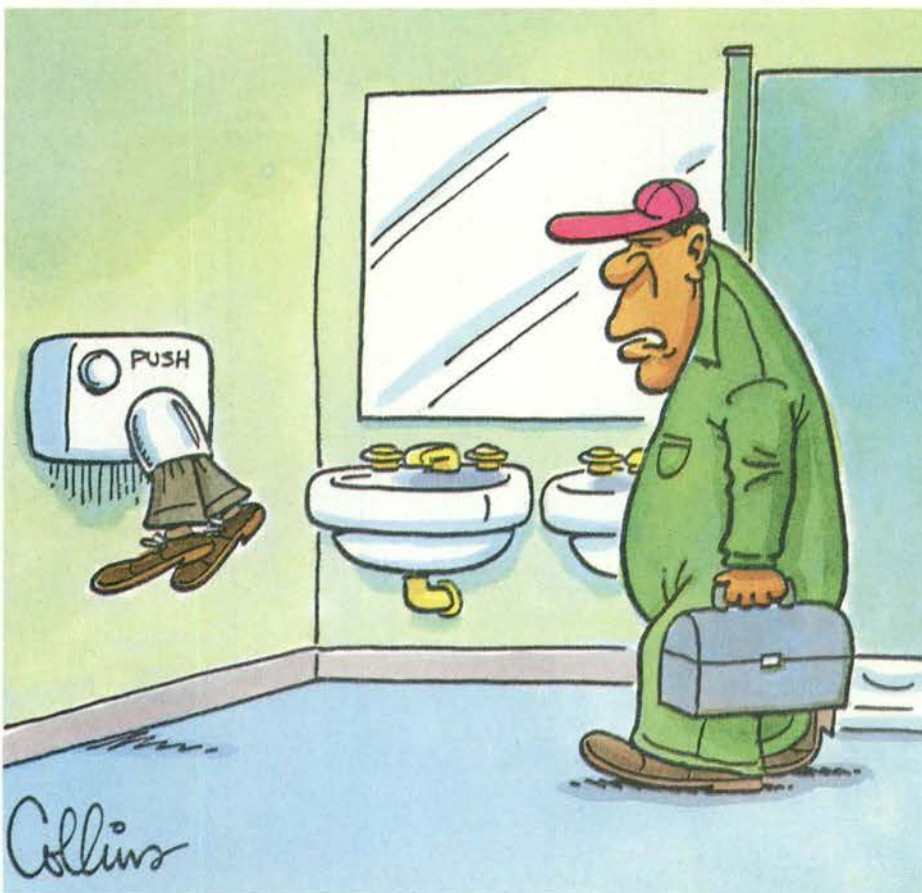
My thoughts were interrupted when I saw the Commander waving his arms and shaking his head *no* at the Deputy, indicating that he should disregard the verbal Russian order. Clearly, he was as convinced as I was that the Final Countdown had begun.

"Crew, we will be proceeding with the Launch Procedure," he announced coldly. "I'm cutting the Launch Enable Seal now."

Just as his trembling hands reached out to sever the wire seal, the EWO warning warble sounded again! We all froze in terror. This was it! This would be a Red Dash 1: the Launch Order. The Commander dropped the wire cutters and grabbed his code book. The Deputy reached for his.

The voice on the final message was strong and professional: "Mole Hole, Mole Hole. This is Mother SAC, Mother SAC. Prepare to copy a Green Dash 5!" This code was a new one on me, and from the reactions of the Commander and Deputy, they seemed just as confused as I was. Holding my breath, I watched as they copied, decoded and authenticated.

(continued on page 92)

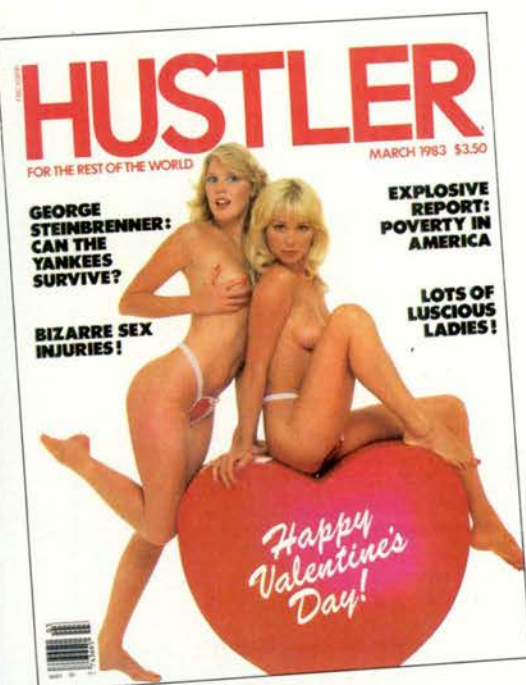


"Sumbitchin' thing must be stuck in reverse again!"



# DEATH OF A COVERGIRL

Last March 21, Col. [redacted] allegedly put a loaded rifle to her [redacted] and pulled the trigger. The graphic reports of her death were as unexpected as they were horrifying to all of us who knew her—or to anyone who had the pleasure of seeing her provocative photographs in our pages. She graced



HUSTLER's cover in March '83, just about the time she was moving on to X-rated stardom—using the name Shauna Grant—in such films as *Virginia*, *Susie Superstar* and *Flesh and Laces*. Her life was snuffed out all too soon. She was only 20.

Soon after graduating from high school in Farmington, Minnesota, Colleen headed for California in the passenger seat of her boyfriend's black El Camino. She was young, she was innocent, and she was beautiful. And almost from the moment she arrived in Hollywood with high hopes of becoming a major movie star, photographers were clamoring to take her picture. As hard as she tried, however, her big break in serious films never came. Eventually she suffered from a depressing series of personal and financial difficulties, and at the end she was alone in a luxurious Palm Springs, California, home when a .22-caliber bullet rammed through her brain. Colleen Applegate's sad and tragic story was one of youthful dreams shattered by harsh reality. We'll miss her.





Scenes from a brief life (clockwise from upper left): Colleen's *HUSTLER* Valentine cover, March 1983; starring in 'The Young Like It Hot'; posing as 'Bridget' (for a June 1983 *GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION* pictorial); popping her cookies in 'Christmas Treats,' *CHIC*, January 1983; as one of the 'All American Girls II: In Heat'; going on 'Naval Maneuvers' in the March 1983 *HUSTLER*; sharing a light snack with Paul Thomas in 'All American Girls II'; and getting off with Shelly Rey, also in 'All American Girls II.'

## WORLD WAR III (continued from page 88)

### *The message triggering a Global Launch Standby Alert had gone out to every Air Force missile site.*

Had the Russians taken over SAC and broken our codes? Were they stopping our launch? Or was this a legitimate Air Force fuckup? Who in the hell was in command? As these questions tumbled through my mind, the Commander began speaking over our headsets. "Crew, we have just received a valid Green Dash 5, and I'm going to that Checklist . . . Step 1. Return to Ready Green."

Ready Green simply, quietly and without fanfare returned the missile site to normal status. Green Dash 5 had been a stand-down order. The crisis was over. Or was it? We were all too stunned to speak.

"What the hell just happened?" asked the Commander finally. The Deputy and I could only shrug our shoulders. "Better call the Base Command Post and see what's up, Deputy."

At this time the Sergeant came sashaying down the stairs with fresh coffee—didn't seem to have a care in the world. He looked as if he had just shit, showered, shaved and shampooed. With a big grin on his face he set the pot down on the crew table and said, "I just woke up. What's goin' on?"

"We don't know," the Commander answered. "The Deputy is trying to find out now."

A moment later the Deputy finished his call. "Seems they don't know any more than we do," he said. "They got the same messages we did from SAC. They said they're checking now to find out what happened and would get back to us as soon as they knew."

"Coffee, anyone?" the Sergeant asked.

The phones began to ring off the wall. It was other crew members from other sites who had just gone through the same thing. "Did you copy that Blue Dash 1?" they all asked anxiously.

The speculations began to fly. We sat there on the edge of our chairs watching every little light on our Control Console, expecting that something horrible might still happen.

Hours went by. The relief crew finally showed up, and they didn't have any answers either. In fact, it was the first they'd heard something had gone wrong. There was no word during the top-secret briefing they'd had just before coming down to relieve us. No word from *anyone* hours

after the incident. The only thing we knew for sure was that *something* had gone wrong at SAC Headquarters.

Two days later at our regular briefing, all crews that had been on Alert that night were given the official version of what had happened. It wasn't a computer error or an equipment foul-up. It was worse: human error, pure and simple. A Colonel in charge of the EWO system had transferred a friend of his—a Major—to a new command at SAC Headquarters. The Major's assignment would be to work in the EWO room and broadcast Emergency War Orders to Air Force outposts.

Shortly after the newcomer arrived at Headquarters, the Colonel arranged to meet with him in the broadcast room at about 3 a.m. On one side of the room was a primary broadcast console, where another Major was sitting on active duty. He had all of his coded messages on the wall in front of him. On the other side of the room was the alternate broadcast console, a backup in case something should go wrong with the primary unit.

The Colonel went over to the primary table, picked a message off the wall and motioned his friend over to the alternate console. Seated at the controls, the Colonel asked the Major to read the coded message while he operated the broadcast console controls as if it were a real situation. After his friend—continuing their little charade—asked all missile sites to acknowledge receipt of the Blue Dash 1, imagine the Colonel's surprise when he saw the whole fucking Missile Indicator Board in the War Room light up like a Christmas tree.

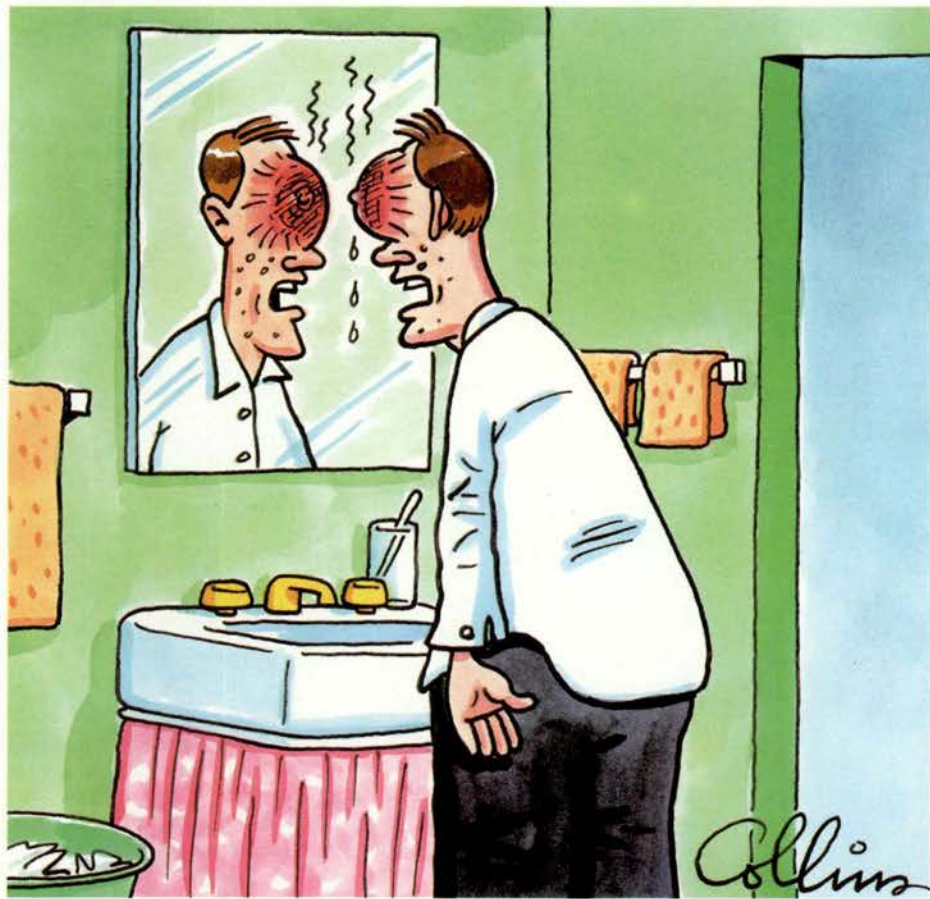
"Why are the lights doing that?" the Colonel asked the Major on duty at the primary console across the room.

"Holy fucking shit, Colonel!" the Duty Major yelled. "You just sent that message out! Your console is *alive*!" The Defcon II message—triggering a Global Launch Standby Alert—had gone out to every Air Force missile site in the world.

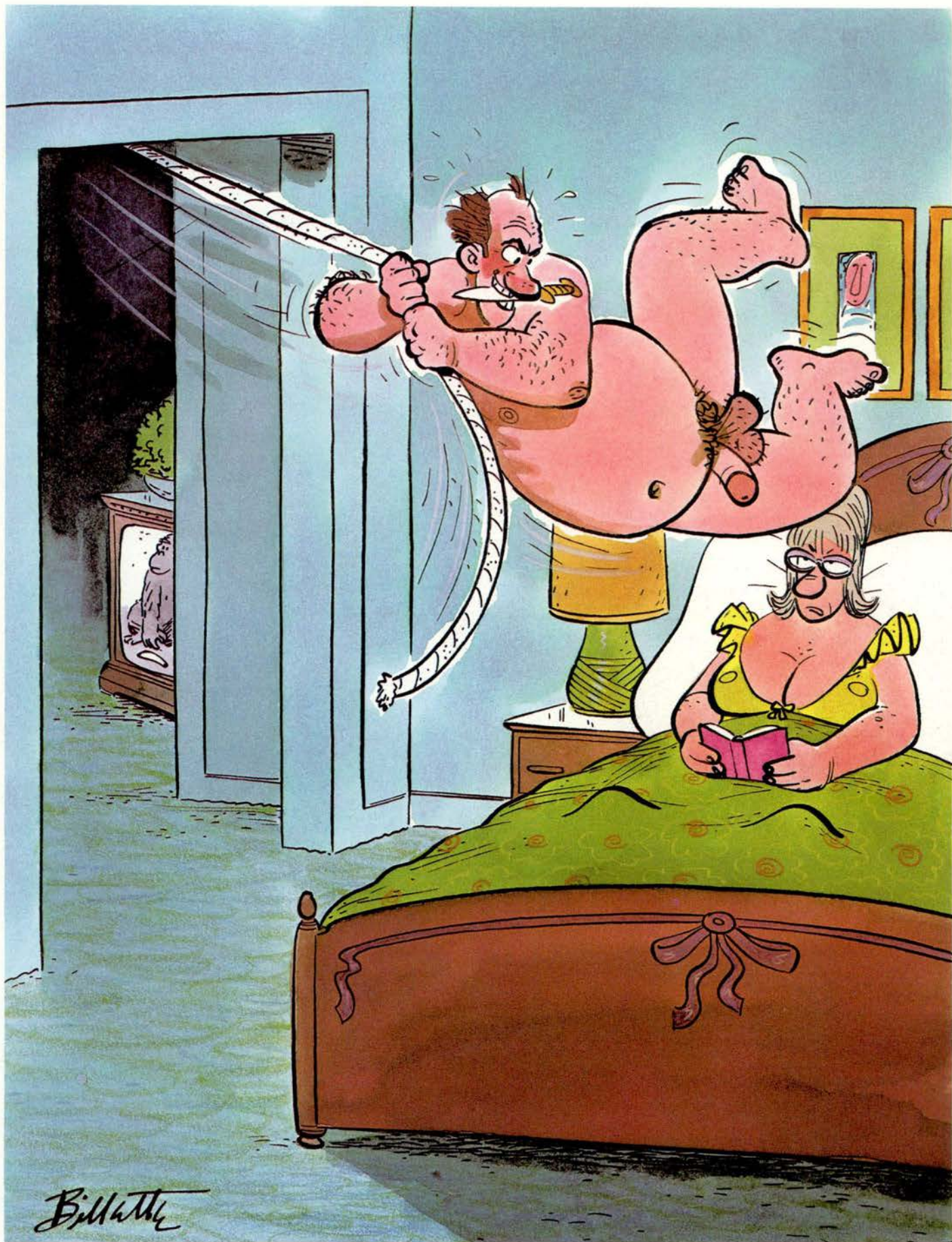
Without a moment's hesitation the Colonel grabbed the console microphone from the new Major and began yelling, "All missile crews disregard that last message. It's a mistake!" He was starting to repeat himself when the Major on duty at the primary console shut him off by switching the primary back on the line. The Duty Major then took a few precious seconds to locate an opposing order to the Blue Dash 1—a Green Dash 5—and sent it out immediately. We were back to Ready Green, just like that.

This was what the Air Force told us had happened. After the briefing we went back out to Alert at the missile site, and the Commander assembled us at the crew table to review how we had handled the

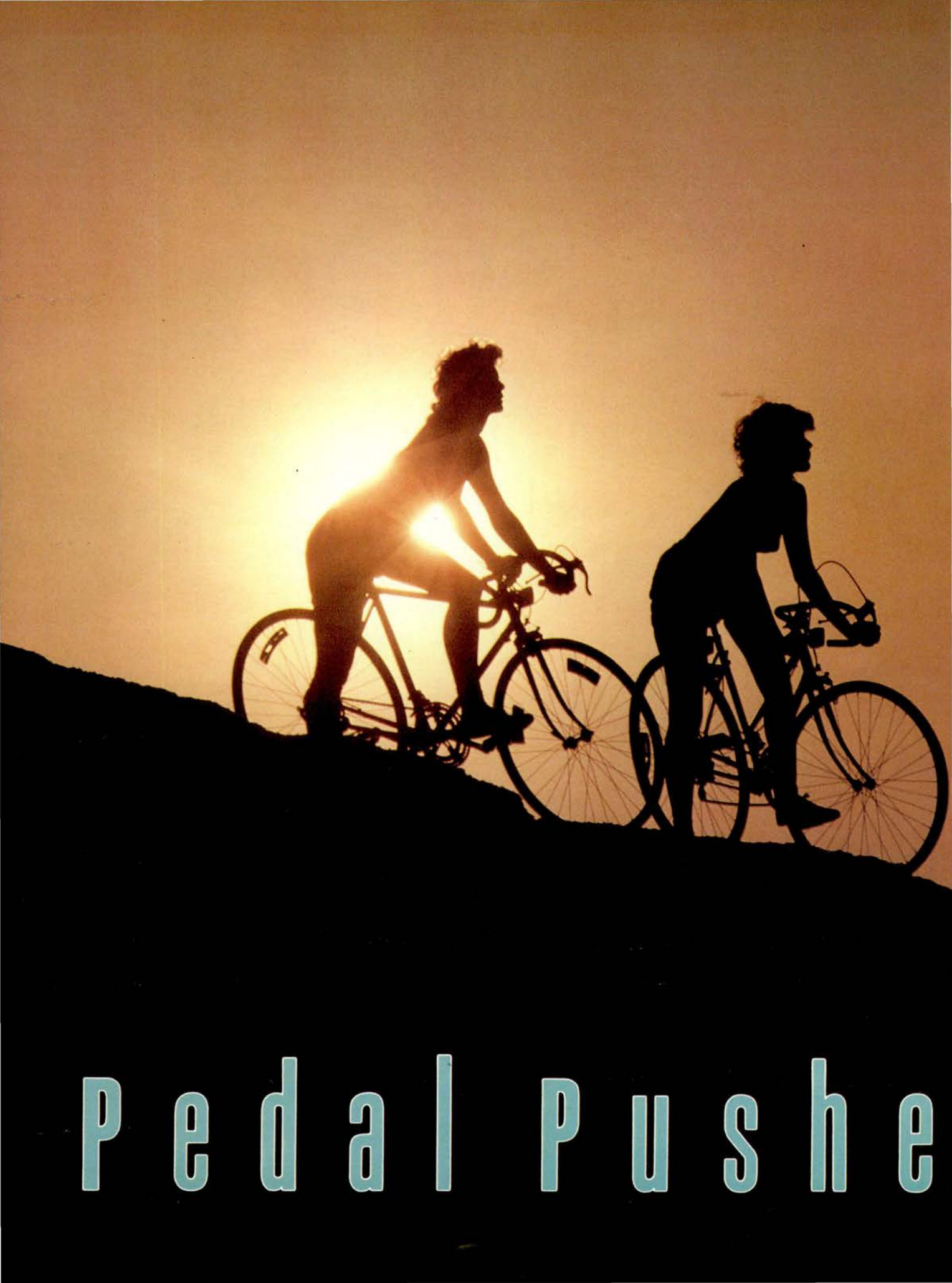
(continued on page 102)



"Wouldn't you know it? . . . And on the night of the prom!"



"Oh, shit, he's watched another Tarzan movie!"



P e d a l P u s h e

rs



Photography by Matti Klatt



Nothing gets the blood boiling like a bike ride on a hot, sunny day. As these two soul mates pedal through the countryside, their legs glisten with sweat, and the hard leather bicycle seats rub relentlessly against their taut thighs. Sensing the need for an erotic detour, they pause to remove their clothes, and soon it's their tongues and fingers that are doing the traveling. When they find the routes to each other's pleasure center, the wilds fill with moans and screams of delight. As the day cools down, they relax in each other's arms until it's time to hit the trail and get their pulses racing again. Picking up speed, they feel the warm wetness beneath their shorts and smile knowingly at one another—for more hot rides are yet to come.



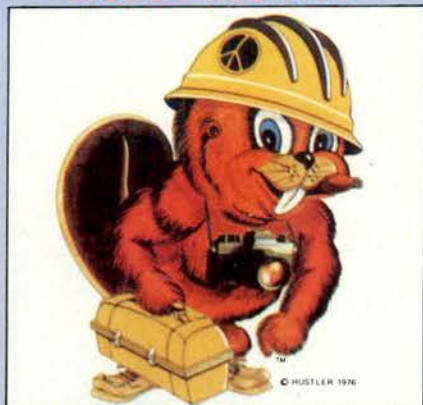








# HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

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Name to Be Published

Address

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

## NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, *My Woman... My Wife*, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

**WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.**

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

## WORLD WAR III

(continued from page 92)

crisis. He said he was impressed that this grave error had been safely corrected. Then he asked that none of us ever tell what had taken place, because of the bad publicity it would cause the Air Force.

"Bad publicity?!" I yelled. "What if the Colonel had picked up a *Red Dash 1*—a Launch Order? What if the Duty Major had blown it and not stopped us in time?"

"What ifs don't matter," the Commander replied coolly. "What was done was done!"

I can tell you what would have happened. Not one human being would be left alive to read these words today.

But the worst part of this confession is the last: Nothing has changed since then. The system's still the same. Pressure on the crews, as the missiles get newer and trickier, is even worse. Drinking on the job is a real problem with U.S. as well as Russian crewmen. We have 33,000 nuclear warheads now. The Russians have nearly as many. There is no crisis-communications center between the two superpowers to prevent all-out war in case of an accidental launch.

Unless you've served in the nuclear madhouse and gone out and touched that smooth white missile and looked up at the Bomb and sensed its awesome destructive power, you can't realize that we are all probably dead already and just don't know it. Once you've baby-sat the Bomb, the reality of nuclear annihilation by accident or by design seems so close every minute of every day, it strikes me as a miracle we've survived this long.

Each night of my life since that terrible night 20 years ago I awaken in a cold, sweaty terror from the same nightmare—back in the hole praying for sanity and salvation as we lunge toward Armageddon. No human being can retain his sanity, let alone be trusted to perform, under the pressure of being "the one" who must push the button to end the world. Yet never must the task be placed in other than human hands, for anyone who's ever been in the service knows that the military's machines and electronics have a way of *getting away* from you. In the modern world of automated controls and multiplying missile systems, this means that it's just a matter of time before a missile gets launched by accident.

This is a truth only those who have stood in the Valley of the Shadow of the Missile can understand. None of us who felt the future die inside us that night will ever sleep in peace until all the nuclear missiles in the world are *gone*. This is our secret dream. But to come true, it will have to be *everyone's* dream.

## SKIN TRADE

(continued from page 54)

stand why I don't just find some man, settle down and play that role. So they kind of nag me—but at the same time they just let it go.

**HUSTLER:** What about your friends?

**MARLENE:** The new ones are usually shocked when I come right out and tell them, but the majority of the time they don't reject me.

**HUSTLER:** Do you have ambitions to move up in the hooker hierarchy—perhaps becoming a \$1,000-a-trick girl who services celebrities and heads of state?

**MARLENE:** I fantasize about that sometimes. I have a lot of confidence in myself, and I really believe that if I set out to become that, I could do it. But you're talking about an incredible investment.

**HUSTLER:** What kind of investment?

**MARLENE:** It's similar to starting out in any business. To build up a book like that, you have to weed out ten assholes to get one gentleman. You also have to be really on top of things. You have to be responsible and healthy. You can't be a drug user or a drinker. And you have to be motivated, driven, single-minded. Nothing else can matter. You have to spend all your energy getting yourself into the right places, meeting the right people and climbing the ladder.

I've spent two years struggling, and I've just gotten my head above water. I consider myself successful now, but I'm still not getting rich. Also, it's a little late for me. I'm in my middle 20s, and it would take me at least five years. By the time I got there, I'd be pushing 30. I'd have about five years of glory, and then after that it would all be downhill.

**HUSTLER:** Do you ever think about moving out of the business altogether?

**MARLENE:** Well, I've gone back to college, and I'm trying to get a degree. I don't know what I'll do, but at least I'll have choices. When I get to be 30 or 35, I can either become a doctor or a madam. But I haven't really made a decision yet.

**HUSTLER:** No matter how much self-esteem you have, most of society is still going to think of you as the bottom of the heap. Do you ever get down on yourself?

**MARLENE:** No, that never bothers me. It didn't ever bother me when I was on the street. I've always believed that it was a perfectly okay thing to do. There's a need for it, and I'm fulfilling that need. I've argued about this with people who put me down and say, "How can you do this to yourself?" So I say, "How many people do you know who can honestly say when they go to work that they're looking forward to it because they know they're going to make people happy?" That always stumps them. Every time.

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# Beaver Hunt

Time is running out! Get your pictures in for the 1984 Beaver of the Year contest. Not only do we pay \$100 for every photo that appears here, but in each issue we select one lovely to be our Beaver of the Month. (She gets an entire spread all to herself! Check out pages 108-109.) Our monthly winners then go on to compete for Beaver of the

Year and a chance to win the grand prize worth \$10,000—including exclusive contracts to appear as a HUSTLER model and to star in an upcoming HUSTLER video! All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. (A couple of Polaroids are fine.) Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 102, or a facsimile. And please fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$100.



Photo by Jim L. Couch



Yolanda Couch, 22, is an accountant whose hobbies are sex, music, art—and more sex. She dreams of making it on the back of a motorcycle.

Photo by Husband



Twenty-three-year-old Peg likes to wear revealing clothes to parties and watch the men's crotchets when they see her. Peg's dream is to take her husband camping—totally nude!

Photo by Friend



Twenty-year-old Florida business student Missy goes out of her way to flirt with men. "Anytime, anywhere," she says. "If he's good-looking and wears a pair of pants, he's fair game. And once I get 'em, I know exactly what to do with 'em-over and over again."

Denver's 18-year-old Laura wants to be the main course at an orgy. This dish's hobbies are reading, dancing and aerobics, but in her spare time she's majoring in biology at a nearby university-not that she didn't know a lot about the subject already.

Photo by Ray



Pretty Tina is a topless dancer from the great state of Texas. This 23-year-old thrill-seeker's ambition is to be gang-tackled by the entire Los Angeles Raiders defensive unit.

Photo by Husband



Photo by Husband



C. D. simply "loves to fuck." The favorite pastime of this 29-year-old native of North Carolina is watching ballet dancers—male ballet dancers. "They have such great asses," she exclaims.

Photo by Husband

Paula P. is a 21-year-old Southern girl who's into nearly everything from tennis to mud wrestling. Her fantasy is to have two kittens lick champagne from her pussy.



Photo by Edward Barnett



Cherry, 26, a freelance writer who enjoys sunbathing in the nude, would like more than anything else in the world to be a model in a men's magazine. "I want all those guys having wet dreams about me." Here's your chance, Cherry.

Connie is a San Antonio waitress who's wildest fantasy is to be tied spread-eagle to a four-poster bed and tickled with peacock feathers until she's laughing hysterically. Then she'd like a stranger to come in and make love to her.



Photo by Husband

Photo by John



"I want to suck on my boyfriend's dick until he begs me to stop," says 23-year-old Sue. "But I won't stop..." Fortunately for her lover, Sue works as a nurse's aide.

Beautiful Deja's a housewife who busies herself writing, dancing and doing aerobics. We consider it a privilege to satisfy this 24-year-old's fantasy: "to share my beaver with HUSTLER readers."



Photo by Caprie

Photo by R.I.E. Jr.



Angel, a waitress by day, has a secret desire to be kidnapped by two men, tied up and then fucked silly all night. Although this 18-year-old gets a lot of exercise dancing, she still has enough time for her favorite hobby: boffing her boyfriend.

Twenty-six-year-old Tabitha from Flint, Michigan, is a topless dancer who's crazy about skiing, swimming and rock 'n' roll. She wants to try it in the snow, she says.

Photo by Chas



Photo by Boyfriend

Cinnamon is a model "for fun," a housewife by profession and a woman looking for a free-for-all threesome in her off-hours. She loves skinny-dipping in her pool and says she'd jump at the chance to eat a woman's pussy while being fucked up the ass by her husband.

# BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

Our September *Beaver Spotlight* model, Kitten, is a 19-year-old Floridian whose fantasy is having a guy ball her on the median strip of a superhighway—while thousands of cars and trucks whip by. She developed her fondness for doing it on the road while working as an auto-parts delivery girl before she struck out on her own to become a professional dancer. Kitten eventually wants to get into the movies,



where she knows she'll become a star. "I can sing and dance, and I think people like what they see when they first meet me," says Kitten. "Of course, I make sure of that by working out at least four times a week."

When she's not pumping iron at the gym, Kitten spends her free time gardening. "I grow just about *everything*—there's something relaxing about working with my hands," she says with a sly grin. "I love getting dirty."

Kitten prefers men who have dark-brown eyes and hair "and great bodies, or they won't be able to keep up with me. Once I get started, I go into high gear, and there's no stopping me." She also requires her men to be romantic. "I adore candlelight dinners and champagne—lots of champagne. When I drink too much, I get a little wild, but that's okay. I live in an 11-room house with my mom; so if I get a little noisy, no one can hear me but the dog."

If only dogs could talk. . .



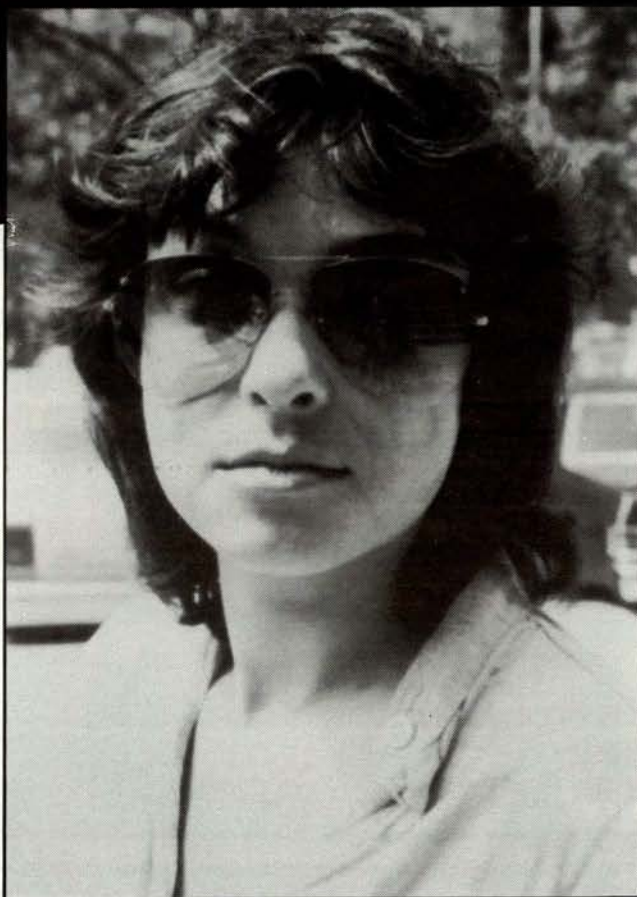
# For those who have tried sex in almost every position~

## Try coming at it from the Left.

Looking for a new position, *Sexually Speakin'*? That's the title of the weekly column by radical sexologist Freda Rosen which is keeping readers of the *National Alliance* in bed with history!

Each week, in response to "Dear Freda" letters from people like "Had a Mouthful," "Groping in the Dark," and "Gas Man," Freda lays it on the line about sex, society, sexism (including Larry Flynt's!), S&M and every imaginable angle in the act of making love. Unlike Dear Abby, Ms Joyce Brothers and Dr. Ruth, "Comrade" Freda uncovers the conflicts that real people bring into bed with them, while she opens up the role that race, class, gender, and sexual preference play in sexual relations. Freda doesn't pull any punches. She makes Abby, Joyce and Ruth look like choir girls. Her advice is explicit, her analyses are controversial, her solutions are potent. She's anti-pornography and pro-sex. Her illustrated column is published exclusively in the *National Alliance* and read by thousands of people—straight and gay, women and men—each week.

If you're looking for some action, subscribe to the *National Alliance* and see why thousands of readers turn on to page 9.



Freda Rosen

Harriet Hoffman

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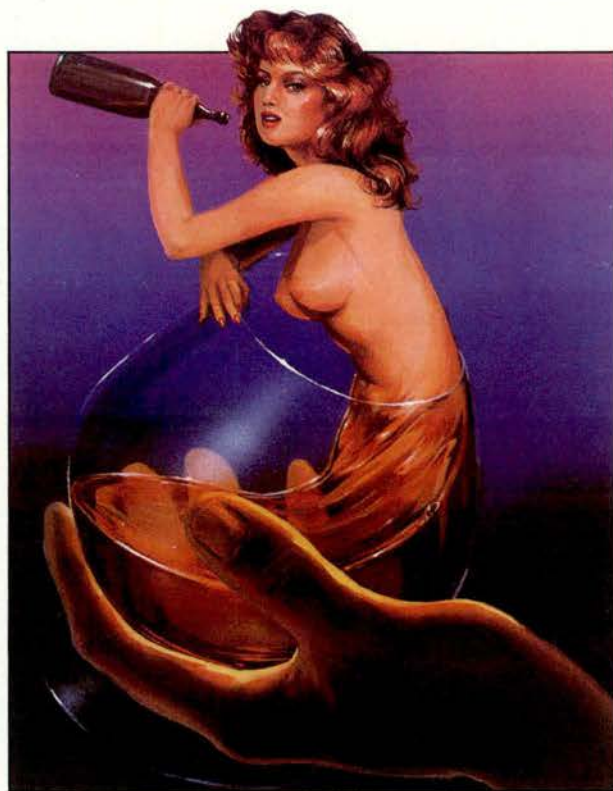
## SEX AND BOOZE: A BAD MIX

A guy looking to get laid walks into his local singles joint and finds a prospective bed partner sitting at the bar. He introduces himself and offers to buy her a drink. At first both are nervous and wary of each other, but as the effects of several rounds begin to settle in, they each become less anxious. By the fourth or fifth drink he musters the courage to invite her home with him, and she feels loose enough to take him up on the offer. After an hour or so of fumbling and groping, they pass out in his bed without even making love. In the morning she'll wake up, look over at his sleeping face and try to remember who the hell he is—and what the hell they did together the night before.

The preceding little drama is played out every night in thousands of cities across America. For those of us who have trouble saying yes to sex, booze has become a common crutch. In fact, alcohol is unquestionably the most widely used sex stimulant ever created. But it has also unquestionably loused up even more sex than it has helped—although people still sing its praises as a tool of seduction.

A 1970 *Psychology Today* survey of 20,000 readers reported that about half the men questioned and nearly two-thirds of the women believed alcohol increased their enjoyment of lovemaking. Researchers have suggested that in a society such as ours—where social restrictions often make it difficult to express warmth and tender feelings—alcohol may have the benefit of temporarily dissolving the mental blocks against surrendering to these emotions.

Alcohol and sex seem to go together well for a number of reasons. In medical terms the “disinhibiting” effect of small amounts of alcohol may calm the drinker and allow him or



**BY LEONARD SELLERS**

*Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.*

her to be stimulated more easily and to function more effectively in a sexual encounter. Alcohol can reduce anxiety, lower inhibitions and free erotic desire. It also dilates the blood vessels, bringing warm sensations to all parts of the body, including the genitals.

But the physical reaction to alcohol, at least as far as sex is concerned, isn't nearly as important as the psychological reaction. Just thinking that you're drunk is apparently enough to get you hot. There have been a number of studies on the effects of alcohol using the “balanced placebo” method, whereby scientists tell one group of people they are drinking nonalcoholic beverages (and give half of them booze) and tell another group they are being given alcohol (when half of them are actually getting plain tonic water). These studies showed that people who just *think* they're drinking alcohol—and aren't—are more turned on than those who unknowingly

drink real booze. Simply believing they are drunk relieves the guilt some people feel about initiating or performing sex. And this relief from responsibility can often be the greatest turn-on of all.

Regardless of how our brains react to booze, however, the hard fact is that alcohol also has the effect of shutting down the body's sex drive, acting as a depressant on the central nervous system and limiting sensitivity to touch. Measurements of erection size and vaginal contractions in test subjects who were given alcohol and then shown erotic films revealed that it reduces sexual response. Although in smaller doses the disinhibiting effect may outweigh these physical reactions, in larger doses it diminishes sexual ability through loss of muscle control and coordination.

*(continued on page 112)*

# CHIC®

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One study in the *Journal of Sex Research* reported that women given alcohol took longer to reach orgasm and had a less intense physical reaction to sex. But they *reported* greater pleasure. Researchers believe that the mind is tricked into thinking this because alcohol creates the feeling of "letting go."

Men, on the other hand, lost on both counts. A study at the University of Georgia found that "increasing levels of intoxication were associated with significant decreases in ability to ejaculate, significant decreases in reported sexual arousal, a significant incidence of reported difficulty in attaining orgasm and significantly decreased pleasurable and intensity of orgasm." All this adds up to a lot less fun.

Masters and Johnson, in their famous series of sex studies, found that most men experience their first failure to get it up while under the influence of alcohol. Among men in their late 40s and early 50s, impotence is "more highly associated with excessive alcohol consumption than any other single factor."

Booze can even affect overall masculinity. In men alcohol converts testosterone, the primary male hormone, into estrogen, the primary female hormone. The result is a bizarre side effect of alcohol abuse known as "feminization"—shrinkage of the testicles and loss of chest and facial hair. Ironically, men who drink heavily to be "macho" are actually slowly depriving themselves of their masculinity, and the bottom line seems to be that these heavy drinkers are actually less interested in getting it up.

For women excessive alcohol use can throw off the menstrual cycle, create fertility problems and cause horrible damage to the fetus of a pregnant alcoholic. Women who are heavy drinkers are twice as likely to bear abnormally underweight babies. And, as with men, too much booze can cause a loss of interest in sex. The stereotype of the promiscuous alcoholic woman who'll sleep with anyone at the bar is a myth, according to a report in *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*: "Promiscuity is observed in 5% of alcoholic women, while 95% complain of diminished interest in sex."

A number of women become alcoholics *because* of sex problems. Some drink to "feel sexy," while others simply can't relax and let go without several drinks. Alcohol becomes their tool for coping with sexual conflicts. The sad irony, notes psychologist Gary Forrest of the Institute for Addictive Behavioral Change, is that "alcohol causes physiological changes in the human being which inhibit sexual response, sexual feelings and even sexual thinking. The alcoholic woman is literally anesthetized by alcohol."

The consequence, as Forrest puts it, is that "the pattern of depending on alcohol in order to reach orgasm or complete the sexual act is clearly pathological." In other words, women who begin to drink due to sex problems find these problems only get worse because of alcohol; so they continue to drink more and more, creating a vicious cycle. Furthermore, the alcoholic woman who has quit drinking has solved only one of her problems; she is still faced with the sexual hang-ups that were the reason she started drinking in the first place. In such cases both an alcohol-abuse program *and* sexual counseling are necessary to effect a cure.


Alcohol also plays a large part in the rape of women. In one Canadian study booze was involved in 60% of all the rapes examined and in about half of all the cases of wife beating.

A range of studies about rape and alcohol has turned up the following information. In less than 10% of the cases documented, the victim was the only one drinking; in the majority of cases both the victim and the rapist were drinking. Injury to the victim occurred in nearly half of the rapes in which alcohol was a factor, and it was shown that women who were drunk or were imbibing in a public place were more vulnerable to rape by their drinking companions than if they had not been drinking.

Of those rapes that are classified as "spontaneous," more than 80% involved alcohol, and half of those considered to have been "planned" were preceded by drinking on the part of either the victim, the rapist or both. Furthermore, those most likely to commit rape are people who have sociopathic personalities—no sense of right or wrong—and these are also the people who are most likely to become alcoholics.

This link between alcohol and rape, moreover, is simply one facet of a deadly connection between alcohol and all forms of personal violence: Alcohol is involved in at least half of all criminal acts of violence.

The list of alcohol's ill effects becomes depressingly long. Heavy drinkers, both male and female, have a higher incidence of sexually transmitted diseases. Alcohol is a constant factor in incest. Could it be that this popular beverage, which has been extolled for so many thousands of years as a sex stimulant, is nothing but bad news?

Well, yes and no. Provided booze is used and not abused, it's relatively harmless and can even be beneficial. A couple of drinks is still a viable way for two people to relax before their initial sexual encounter. But too much of a good thing can be disastrous, and booze is certainly no exception. 



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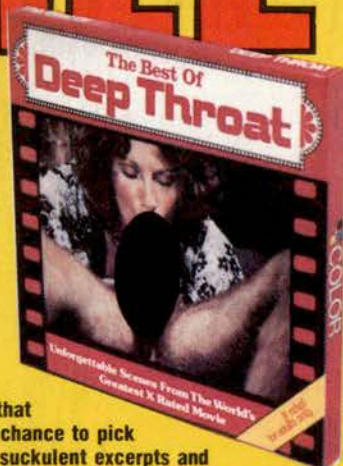
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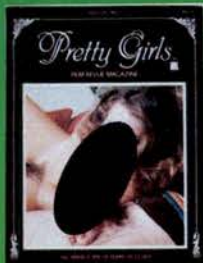
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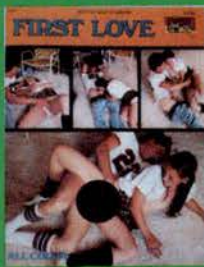
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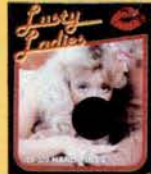
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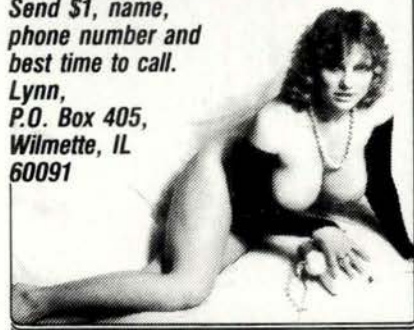
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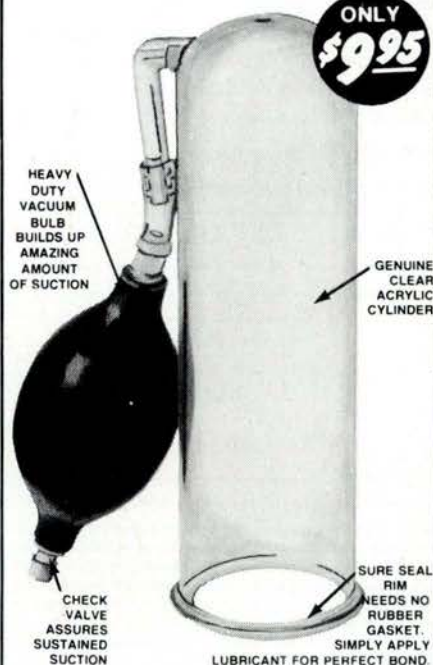
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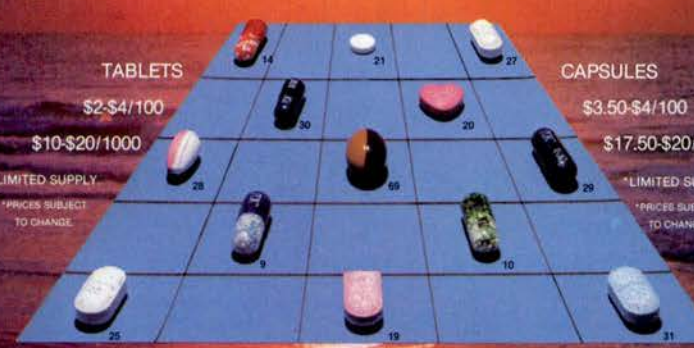
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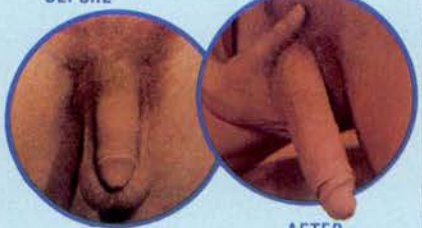
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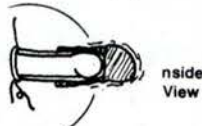
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## DOUBLE STANDARDS AT THE DOUBLE FEATURE

I used to live in a teetotaling Midwestern town that was so dry, having a wet dream could get you arrested. It was the kind of place where the only fun you could have was imagining how much fun you'd be having if you weren't there. From the time I got my own wheels, I was obsessed with getting out—and with getting it *on*. Gaping at the budding, bouncing little tits of our high school's cheerleaders drove me to distraction, especially when I'd picture their tight, well-protected mounds, moist and waiting under those teasing, thigh-high skirts.

When I turned 20, I took a job as the assistant manager of a drive-in theater a couple of miles out on the interstate. I planned to work there only until I had enough money to get myself to the West Coast.

Three weeks after I began work, however, the owner called me into his office. He was a self-assured, beefy guy who had a string of drive-ins in our part of the state.

"Don," he said to me, "our box-office receipts have been declining steadily for the past six months. I'm up against a wall here, fella. Either we close down or—"

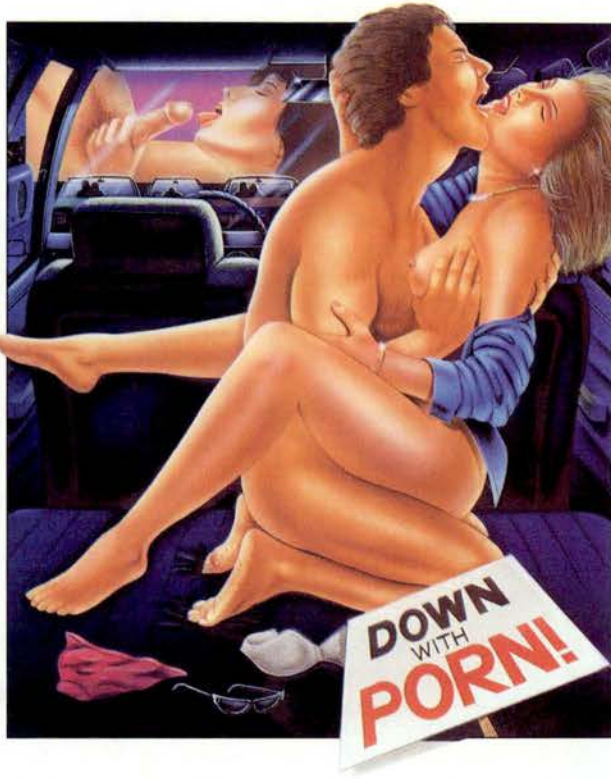
He cast a quick glance at me as if he were sizing me up.

"Or?" I questioned, trying to figure what he was getting at.

"Or go porno," he said finally.

When I picked up my jaw from the floor, I gave him an incredulous look. "Here? The Moral Majority, DAR and American Legion will come down on you so hard, they'll squash your movie screen with their collective ass."

My boss chuckled and twisted his pinkie ring. "They can't do a thing, Don. We're outside city limits here. And anyway," he went on, "I know this kind of people like the back of my hand. By day they'll protest, circulate petitions, sermonize against us



**BY DON WARNER**

*Kinky Korner is written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay \$100 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.*

books with a fine-tooth comb making decisions about what should be censored, right? Why don't you come down here tonight and take a look at one or two of the adult movies your group is so eager to tar and feather? Do your research before you condemn."

I was convinced this offer would blow her away, but the next thing I knew, my boss had hung up the phone, turned to me and was patting me on the back. "Wouldn't you know?" he exclaimed. "She's coming!"

And if that didn't floor me, his next line did.

"You're a strapping hunk of a six-footer, Don. I want you to

in church and threaten to string up the Mayor. But by night? Those very same buggers who protest the loudest will come sneaking out here in rented cars."

Frankly, I thought my boss was off-the-wall, but that just proves I was even less of a man of the world than I realized.

Sure, there were some bomb threats, a massive demonstration on the church lawn, editorials in the local rag and hot-and-heavy "Letters to the Editor." The Mayor turned handsprings, promising to petition the Governor, and in the meantime his wife organized an antiporn movement called Outraged Women (better known as OW). But my boss was right. The louder the protests, the bigger the crowds.

One evening—it was a Monday, and we were closed—my boss and I were in the office going over the books when the phone rang. He answered it, and from the conversation I could tell he was speaking to the Mayor's wife, trying to calm her down.

"Let me make you a proposition," he said suddenly. "Your committee goes over library

take real good care of the lady tonight."

The Mayor's wife? He had to be kidding.

"Here," he said, opening the bottom drawer of his desk and pulling out reels of the sexiest porn we had—*Night Hunger* and *Irresistible*. "These are guaranteed to get her hot."

The Mayor's wife, I told him, was one of the most tightassed women in town. She walked around in gray suits and white blouses buttoned up to her chin, school-teacher's shoes and horn-rimmed glasses, her mousy brown hair pulled back tight.

"The heavier the armor," my boss chuckled, "the hotter the dame." That, as it turned out, was an understatement.

I was getting the equipment ready when she arrived. My boss spoke to her briefly in the office and then led her to me. He suggested that we sit in my car to watch the films, and as he was speaking, I was sure she was giving me the once-over. In fact, if she hadn't been the Mayor's wife, I would have sworn those sea-green eyes of hers, half-hidden by her glasses, were zeroing in on my crotch.

We settled into the front seat of my '51 Ford jalopy. I grabbed a beer from a six-pack I had stashed under the seat and started drinking it.

The two of us sat silently while the picture progressed to the hot stuff. "It's such a warm night," she whispered in that

stiff voice of hers. Above us on the screen a blond bimbo was licking a guy's massive cock. "This is really quite shocking," she added, shaking her head. She undid the top buttons of her blouse as if she were suddenly finding it hard to breathe.

"Wanna beer?" I ventured. "We're outside city limits, you know, and it's legal."

At that she took her glasses off and gave me a long, assessing look. "You won't tell a soul, will you?"

"No," I assured her.

I popped open another one, and she gulped it quickly. The next thing I knew, the action on the screen had spilled right into my lap—she was going down on me!

She was grunting, tearing off her clothes with one hand and clutching my swollen prick with the other, her hungry tongue swirling up and down and around it. She was so hungry for it, I was astounded until I realized she was actually a young woman—she couldn't have been more than 30—while the Mayor was nearly 70 years old.

Her hair was disheveled, pouring down her shoulders as if thrilled to be free at last, and except for her panties she was naked. I maneuvered around the steering wheel, and as the guy on the screen thrust his fingers into the girl's cunt, I followed suit—first one finger, then two, then three, darting like flicks of flame in and out of her wet pussy. The Mayor's wife

was groaning, her hips rising like those of the actress onscreen, whom she was watching even as I teased her clit.

"Fuck me!" she begged, her voice low, urgent and so needy that I felt as if my cock were her savior. I swept her up in my arms and tossed her lightly into the backseat. *Man*, I thought, *this is Night Hunger in the flesh!* In half a second I was in the backseat too.

Were her gears ever oiled! She was passing from low to high like greased lightning. I thrust my universal joint into her parting slit, and as she grabbed my back, I floored her, taking off like a racer at the Indianapolis 500.

The heavier I rode her, the more she wanted. "You're so big, so big," she moaned, "and so young!"

I arranged her body so she was on all fours, with just enough room for me to crouch on my knees. My rod pumped her pussy mercilessly. Her sighs got so loud, she was drowning out the sound of the movie. "My ass," she begged me. "I want to feel you in my ass."

I pulled out of her cunt, my cock gleaming with her juice, and eased my way into her welcoming asshole. I could tell it hurt her, but she wanted it. "Love it," she murmured, "love it. You're so big. I'm so tight. Oh, good, good, good!"

My body was in flames. "Suck me," I commanded. I spilled some warm beer over my cock and wiped it off on her blouse. Then I turned her around, and she reached her mouth up to receive me.


She was in a frenzy, sucking me, giving me soft little love bites. "I'm such a bad girl," she moaned in between her lustful eating. "Maybe you'll have to punish me."

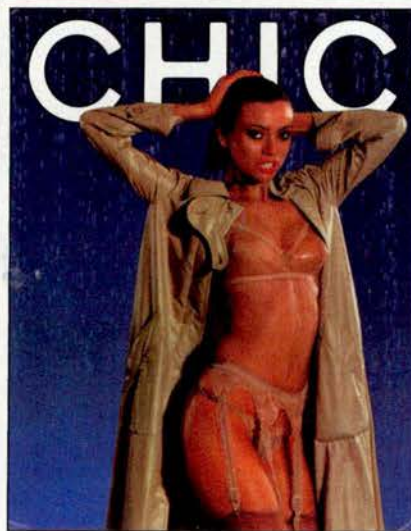
I realized that the guy on the screen was giving the girl a spanking. Now, I'm not at all into B&D, but the idea of giving her just a few light slaps—after the headaches her OW group had caused our business—suddenly appealed to me. She gulped down my flood of cum with ecstasy, rubbing the remainder all over her lips and cheeks and the voluptuous, stiff nipples on her bobbing breasts. Then I told her to sit across my knees.

She complied gratefully. "I was a bad girl to try to stop those movies," she said.

"You sure were," I agreed. "And dumb too." My palm crossed her welcoming buttocks, spanking her lightly, feeling the well-muscled flesh with every smack.

"I'll never do it again," she promised plaintively. And I knew she meant it.

After that night OW was immediately disbanded, and for the next year—before I finally did leave for the Coast—our drive-in featured two kinds of erotic action for me every Monday night: the porn flick on the screen and the fucking and sucking of the Mayor's wife that I did in the backseat of my Ford. 



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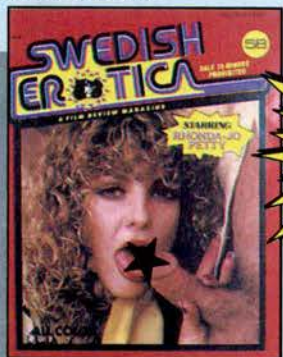


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October issue on sale August 23, 1984

### SPECTACULAR ENTERTAINMENT ISSUE

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It's no secret that the videocassette recorder is the hottest item to hit the entertainment market since television—and nowhere is this fact more obvious than in the soaring demand for hard-core movies and videos. According to Ben Pesta's in-depth report, these take-home fantasies are now so popular, they're threatening to make adult theaters and even men's magazines obsolete.

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Joe Bob Briggs loves the kinds of movies in which guts spew, close-ups of big bosoms fill the drive-in screen, and whole towns are terrorized by motorcycle gangs packing chainsaws and billy clubs. What sets him apart from any other beer-guzzling, low-riding B-movie fan is that Briggs is a bonafide film critic, nationally syndicated in more than 30 newspapers. His outrageously outspoken reviews have received almost as many love letters as death threats. Richard Anthony uncovers the real Joe Bob in an exclusive HUSTLER profile of America's most controversial reviewer.

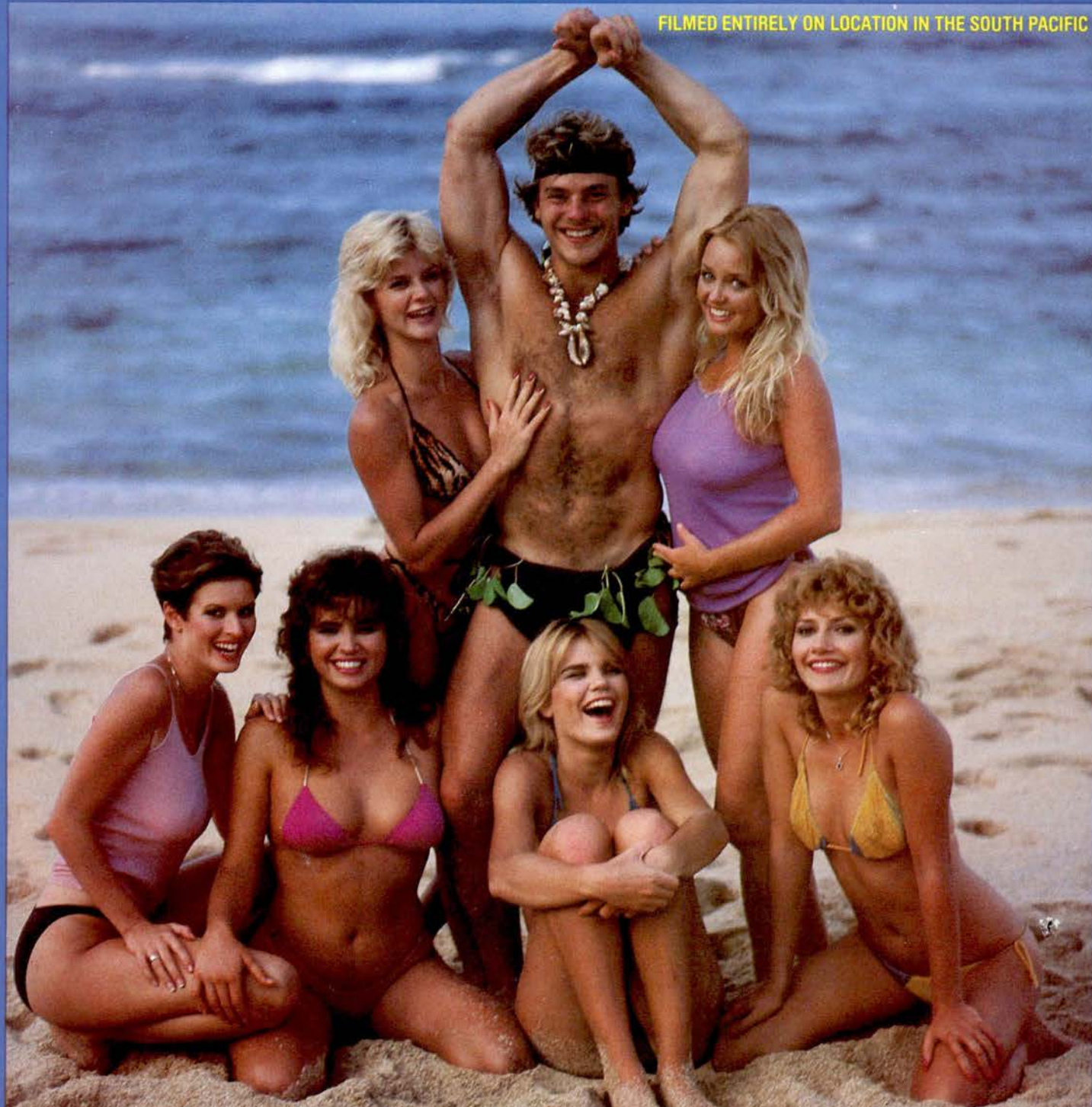
### NOT TO MENTION . . .

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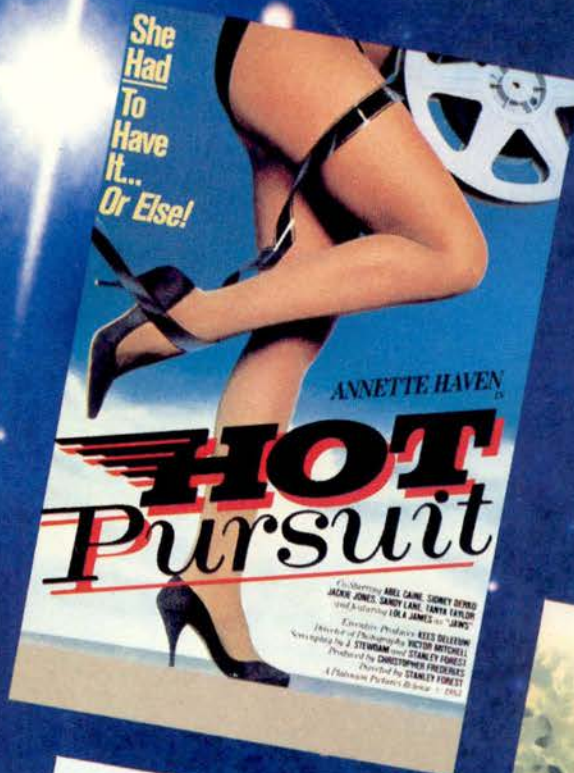
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